TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

VOLUME 1

"AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF CREATIVE FIREPOWER." —*IGN*

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TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

VOLUME ONE:

RETURN TO NEW YORK

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@IDWPUBLISHING
IDWPUBLISHING.COM
nickelodeon

T#1322451 9781649363022 DIGITAL

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Originally published as "LONG WAY FROM HOME" in TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: ALPHA and as TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES (2024) issues #1–6.

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Special thanks to Amy Jarashow, Russ Spina,
Micol Hiatt, and Jeff Whitman for their invaluable assistance.
Special thanks to editor Charles Beacham.

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ISSUE #5

COLORS BY
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ALPHA AND ISSUE #4

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MARCELO MAIOLO
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TONY AVIÑA
ISSUE #5

JUAN FERREYRA
ISSUE #6

LETTERS BY
SHAWN LEE
ISSUES #1–6

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THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
CREATED BY KEVIN EASTMAN & PETER LAIRD

ART BY **CHRIS BURNHAM**

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THE DEEP SOUTH.

SUNSHINE SAFARI PARK

GATOR WRASSLIN'

"IT'S $2,000 CASH, UP-FRONT."

CLOSED FOR BUSINESS

YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY PEN IN THE STOCKADE. ONCE WE OPEN IT, YOU GET FIVE MINUTES SAFARI TIME.

YOU CAN'T FINISH YOUR SAFARI BY THEN, THEY GO BACK IN THE PEN. ANOTHER ROUND, ANOTHER TWO GRAND.

NO REFUNDS.

YOU BAG THE GAME AND WANT A TROPHY TO TAKE HOME, HANG IN THE LIVING ROOM? WE CAN DO THAT FOR YA HERE. IT'LL BE AN EXTRA $800. *CASH.*

THIS IS ALL...*LEGAL*, RIGHT? SAME AS HUNTING DEER OR TURKEYS?

I MEAN...I'VE HEARD THE STORIES... ABOUT HOW CRAZY NEW YORK HAS GOTTEN, BUT...AT THE END OF THE DAY...THEY'RE ALL JUST *ANIMALS.*

AREN'T THEY?

OH YEAH, PAL.

"LONG WAY FROM HOME"

AIN'T *NOTHING* BUT ANIMALS HERE.

SUNSHINE SECURITY

SOME OF THEM...LOOK LIKE THEY'RE *STARVING.*

GOT MORE *FIGHT* IN 'EM WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY.

YOU WANT A FIGHTER, DON'T YA? I MEAN IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT'LL JUST *LIE DOWN* FOR YA...

THEY *LAUGHED* AT ME WHEN I TOLD THEM I WANTED TO COME HERE--ALL THE GUYS AT THE OFFICE. THEY SAID I'D NEVER GO THROUGH WITH IT.

YEAH. I WANT A FIGHTER.

SHOW ME THE MOST *FEROCIOUS* BEAST YOU'VE GOT.

THAT'D BE ME.

THIS ONE? IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY FEROCIOUS.

OH, HE'S FIERCE, ALL RIGHT. HE'S VOLUNTEERED FOR EVERY SAFARI SINCE WE BROUGHT HIM HERE.

I DON'T LIKE THAT YOU KEEP CALLING IT "HIM."

CALL ME WHATEVER YOU WANT.

JUST OPEN THE PEN.

AND I DON'T LIKE WHEN IT TALKS.

BOY, HAVE I GOT A BROTHER YOU'D REALLY HATE.

SO... WE HAVE A SAFARI HERE OR DON'T WE?

THIS ONE.

MAKE IT THIS ONE.

ALL RIGHT. TIME TO CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON.

ARE THESE REALLY THE BEST WEAPONS YOU'VE GOT?

YOU PAID FOR THE *BASIC PACKAGE.*

YOU WANT BETTER WEAPONS, IT'S AN EXTRA $700.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS GUY COULDN'T KILL A FISH WITH A FLAMETHROWER.

YOU READY IN THERE?

DO IT. OPEN THE CAGE.

HAPPY HUNTING.

CLUNG

I FEEL LIKE...I USED TO BE A GUY...WHO *KNEW* THINGS.

LIKE...A *LOT* OF THINGS.

BUT *NOW*...

...I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT DAY IT IS. WHAT YEAR.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAME TO BE HERE. OR EVEN WHERE HERE IS.

SOMETIMES...I'M NOT EVEN TOO TERRIBLY CERTAIN ABOUT MY OWN *NAME.*

DONATELLO.

IF YOU ASKED ME TODAY... I'D TELL YOU MY NAME IS DONATELLO.

AND THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...I HAVE ***BROTHERS.*** JUST LIKE ME.

I THINK I...REALLY ***MISS*** THEM.

EVEN THOUGH SOMETHING TELLS ME... THAT BEFORE I EVER FOUND MY WAY TO THIS GOD-AWFUL PLACE...

...I'D ALREADY ***LOST*** THEM.

...HHRRRGH!!!

I'VE LOST SO VERY MUCH.

BUT I HAVEN'T LOST EVERYTHING.

WHACK

GUUGH!

HEH. TOLD YA. THAT WAS RECORD FAST.

YEAH.

WAIT, WHAT'S THAT MUTANT--

WOOD COMES TO REST AGAINST CALLOUSES.

THE SCARRED FRUITS OF HOURS UPON HOURS OF NINJA TRAINING.

BO IN HAND... I AM *WHOLE* AGAIN.

COUNTING THE STEPS BETWEEN THE CAGES AND FREEDOM. THE GUARDS' REACTION SPEED. THE TIME IT TAKES THE CATTLE PROD TO CHARGE.

GRRHK! GET HIM!

I FIND MYSELF REMEMBERING THE PATIENT TEACHINGS OF MY SENSEI. I REMEMBER...

TZZZP!

HNNGH!

...SPLINTER...

...HELP ME, FATHER.

CRAZY TURTLE! *PUT HIM DOWN!*

THE WORLD HAS TURNED TO RUBBLE, PILED ATOP ME.

HELP ME BE UNBROKEN BY THE DARKNESS.

UUUUGH...

HELP ME KEEP ON CRAWLING TOWARD THE LIGHT.

DONNIE?

YOU *ALIVE* IN THERE?

THINK SO. BEING DEAD WOULDN'T HURT THIS MUCH.

THAT WAS REALLY CRAZY. YOU'RE NEVER GONNA *ESCAPE* THAT WAY, TAKING THE GUARDS HEAD-ON LIKE THAT.

YOU'RE TOO *WEAK,* JUST LIKE THE REST OF US.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

WHICH IS WHY I WASN'T TRYING TO ESCAPE.

HERE, TAKE SOME AND PASS IT ON TO THE OTHERS.

OH, DONNIE. YOU'RE A LIFESAVER.

WAIT... DID YOU KEEP SOME FOR YOURSELF?

YEAH, OF COURSE.

I'M EATING IT NOW.

SURE IS DELICIOUS.

DONNIE...DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER GET OUTTA THIS PLACE?

I KNOW WE WILL, BUDDY. I KNOW WE WILL.

SPLINTER SAYS IT'S GONNA HAPPEN ANY DAY NOW.

AND HE'S THE SMARTEST RAT IN THE WORLD.

AREN'T YOU, SENSEI?

AS MY MIND STARTS FILLING WITH SMOKE AGAIN, I TELL MYSELF THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...THERE'S A PLACE WHERE I BELONG.

WHERE I ONCE LAUGHED AND LIVED A LIFE AND HAD SO MUCH FOOD I GOT TO EAT IT THREE TIMES A DAY.

BUT ALL MY BRAIN KEEPS SHOWING ME...IS SOME DIRTY ***SEWER.***

MY NAME IS ***DONATELLO***... OF ***CLAN HAMATO***...AND NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES...

...I WILL CRAWL MY WAY BACK ***HOME.***

MY NAME...

...MY NAME IS...

FATHER... WHAT'S MY NAME?

FATHER?

ART BY VINCENZO FEDERICI

ART BY IOËLLE JONES

COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON.

IN HERE, WHEREVER I WALK...**WHISPERS** FOLLOW.

THEY WONDER WHAT I DID TO GET **LOCKED UP.** GUARDS AND INMATES ALIKE.

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO BAKERSFIELD.

I HEAR THERE'S A POOL. LOTTA MILK MONEY'S RIDING ON ME HAVING CRUSHED A MAN'S SKULL IN BAKERSFIELD.

I DON'T BOTHER TELLING THEM THAT. I DON'T TELL THESE **SCUMBAGS** A DAMN THING.

I KNOW BY THEIR EYES WHO'S FIDDLING WITH A **SHIV** UNDERNEATH THE TABLE, TRYING TO **HAWK UP** THE COURAGE TO COME AT ME.

SHANK ME DEAD, MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES.

NO ONE'S MUSTERED ENOUGH **GUTS** JUST YET.

SOMEDAY SOMEONE WILL.

IT WON'T WORK OUT FOR THEM WHEN THEY DO.

DESPITE EVERYTHING I AM...WHICH IS A WHOLE LOTTA SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY...

...IN HERE, THE INMATES ONLY REGISTER **ONE THING** WHEN THEY LOOK AT ME.

I'M WHAT **NONE** OF THEM WANNA BE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS:

ALONE.

NAME'S RAPHAEL.

RAPH TO MY FRIENDS.

BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THERE WAS ANYBODY AROUND TO CALL ME RAPH.

AND THAT'S JUST FINE WITH ME.

LIGHTS OUT!

SWEET DREAMS, SLIME FACE.

PLACE LIKE THIS, PEOPLE STICK TO THEIR OWN.

NO SUCH THING FOR ME.

NO OTHER MUTANTS LOCKED UP IN HERE.

JUST REGULAR OLD UNMUTATED MURDERERS AND HUMAN DEGENERATES. THE WORST OF THE WORST.

THEY SPEND THE DAY POSTURING AND JAWING WITH ONE ANOTHER, AND I FEEL LIKE MY MIND MIGHT MELT FROM **BOREDOM.**

AT NIGHT, THE CELLS GO SILENT.

UNLESS YOU'VE GOT THE SENSES OF A **SHADOW WARRIOR.**

I HEAR THE STRANGLERS WHO SOB THEMSELVES TO SLEEP. THE SPREE KILLERS WHO BEG THEIR DEAD MOTHERS FOR FORGIVENESS.

AND I HEAR THE THREE AGGRAVATED ASSAULTERS ON TIER TWO WHO JUST FINISHED THEIR **ESCAPE TUNNEL.**

AH. THE SWEET SMELL OF *FREEDOM.*

WE MUST BE SMELLING DIFFERENT THINGS.

SHUT UP AND RUN.

BREATHE DEEP.

RAGE CLEARS MY MIND.

ANGER MAKES ME CALM.

*I GOT NO **WORDS** FOR THESE CLOWNS.*

*YOU WANT **BANTER**, YOU CAME TO THE WRONG TURTLE.*

GNNGH!

*WHAT I GOT TO SAY...I SAY WITH **FISTS.***

IT'S A SHORT CONVERSATION.

WHICH IS FINE WITH ME. DON'T WANNA SPEND ANY MORE TIME DOWN HERE THAN I HAVE TO.

UUUUUGH.

THESE IDIOTS WERE WRONG.

THIS PLACE DON'T SMELL AT ALL LIKE FREEDOM.

AHHH, GET A GOOD WHIFF. DON'T YOU JUST *LOVE* IT?

LOVE *WHAT*, YOU IDIOT? THE *RAW SEWAGE?*

NAH, BRO.

THAT'S THE SMELL OF *TURTLE POWER!*

IT'S A SEWER.

SMELLS LIKE WHAT YOU'D EXPECT.

A BUNCHA CRAP.

BEST FORGOTTEN.

KLANGA KLANGA KLANGA

LOCKDOWN!

GUARDS FOUND *THREE INMATES* UNCONSCIOUS IN A DRAINAGE TUNNEL!

I WANT EVERY PRISONER ACCOUNTED FOR! *NOW!*

YES, SIR, *WARDEN STARNES.*

EVERYBODY UP!

POLISH SAUSAGES SLATHERED IN SAUERKRAUT FROM A STREET CART ON CENTRAL PARK WEST.

HOT PASTRAMI FROM THE DELIS ALONG SECOND AVE.

*A DOLLAR SLICE FROM **RUPERT'S**, FOLDED AND DRIPPING WITH GREASE.*

THE ABANDONED TUNNELS AND SEALED-UP SUBWAY STATIONS.

THE FORGOTTEN BOMB SHELTER IN ALPHABET CITY.

I SAID *GET UP!* THAT MEANS *YOU*, YOU *ANIMAL!*

GOOD LORD, YOU *STINK!*

THE VIEWS AT NIGHT FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THERE ARE DAYS I CAN'T HELP BUT MISS MY CITY.

*BUT AFTER A FEW MONTHS HERE, I'M STARTING TO ACCEPT... THAT JUST MAYBE I WAS MADE TO LIVE AMONG PEOPLE WHO DESERVE TO BE **PUNCHED.***

I'M RAGE AND GRISTLE AND BILE WRAPPED UP IN A TURTLE SHELL. ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. I'M A WALKING LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM FOR MY KNEES AND KNUCKLES.

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG.

THIS IS HOME.

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT MUST'VE TAKEN THEM *WEEKS* TO DIG THAT TUNNEL.

YOU *KNEW,* DIDN'T YOU? AND YOU DIDN'T THINK TO SAY SOMETHING *BEFORE* THEY TRIED TO ESCAPE?

NOT MUCH *FUN* IN THAT, IS THERE?

IS *THAT* WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE FOR? *FUN?!*

WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE *FOOD.*

IT SEEMS YOU'VE *FORGOTTEN* WHAT IT WAS THAT BROUGHT YOU TO MY PRISON, BOY.

THE MESS OF *TROUBLE* YOU'D MADE FOR YOURSELF BEFORE I INTERVENED.

KINDA HARD TO FORGET WHEN YOU KEEP *REMINDING* ME EVERY CHANCE YOU GET, WARDEN.

WELL, ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOU YET *AGAIN.*

I *OWN* YOU, MUTANT.

NO ONE ELSE KNOWS WHY YOU'RE HERE. NOT EVEN THE GUARDS. BECAUSE I STILL DON'T KNOW WHO I CAN *TRUST* WITHIN THESE WALLS.

THIS HELLHOLE'S BEEN RIDDLED WITH *CORRUPTION* AND *BLOODSHED* FOR FAR TOO LONG.

YOU'RE HERE TO REIN THAT IN...FROM THE *INSIDE.*

WHEN YOU'VE DONE THAT TO MY SATISFACTION, I'LL SEE IF I CAN PULL ENOUGH STRINGS TO MAKE THOSE TROUBLES OF YOURS *DISAPPEAR.*

I HEAR ONE OF THOSE POOR MEN IS FINALLY ABLE TO *WALK* AGAIN.

GOOD. MAYBE HE'LL FALL DOWN SOME STAIRS.

KEEP IT MOVING!

WELCOME TO *SUMMER CAMP,* KIDS!

THE *NEW PRISONERS* ARRIVING TODAY... I'M TOLD THEY'VE BEEN ESPECIALLY *TROUBLESOME* AT EVERY STOP ALONG THE WAY.

I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM. SEE THAT THEY MIND THEIR *MANNERS* WHILE THEY'RE HERE.

AND SEE THAT YOU DO THE *SAME.*

YOU'RE A *LONG* WAY FROM HOME, HOTSHOT. AND OUT HERE, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER *UGLY FACE.*

TIME TO *GROW UP.*

"OR ELSE I SUGGEST YOU GET USED TO THESE BARS."

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. MAYBE I'VE GOTTEN TOO COMFORTABLE HERE. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I DON'T HEAR A THING--

HUH?

UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.

THE GUARD WAS DIRTY. SMUGGLED CONTRABAND FOR PRISONERS.

ONE LOOK AT HIS WOUNDS, AND I CAN TELL HE WASN'T TAKEN DOWN BY ANY STAB-HAPPY INMATE WITH A HOMEMADE BLADE.

NAH, THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING I KNOW ALL TOO WELL.

THIS IS NINJA BUSINESS.

THE NEW INMATES.

RAPHAEL OF *CLAN HAMATO.*

OR MAYBE YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT *JONIN* DO YOU SERVE?

CAN TELL BY THEIR EYES... THEY'VE SWORN A VOW OF SILENCE.

REMOVED THEIR OWN TONGUES AS AN OFFERING TO THEIR MASTER.

COOL. HAPPY TO DO IT YOUR WAY, FELLAS.

THEY ARE NINJA...

...THEY SPEAK WITH STEEL.

BEEN ATTACKED BY THESE JOKERS ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE THE FOOT CLAN WHEN I SEE 'EM.

THOUGH, LAST I KNEW, THINGS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DIFFERENT UNDER KARAI, SHREDDER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

LESS... MURDERY.

HGK!

BUT THESE PUNKS HAVE KILLED BEFORE. AND THEY'VE DEFINITELY COME HERE TO DO IT AGAIN.

GRRHHK!

I HEAR EVERY BIT OF THIS IN THE WORDS OF THEIR STEEL.

AND I GOT ME A COUPLE CHOICE THOUGHTS TO SHARE MYSELF.

HRRAAARGH!

MY CELL ISN'T FILLED WITH BOOKS BECAUSE I LOVE TO READ.

IT'S BECAUSE I WAS BORN ANGRY.

I GREW UP LIVING IN DUMPSTERS, WAKING EVERY DAY **STARVING** FOR A FIGHT.

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND ONE.

THESE NINJA... THEY'VE COME HERE TO KILL. THEIR STEEL SAYS SO.

WHAT? YOU SWEETHEARTS DON'T WANNA *CHAT* NO MORE? I THOUGHT YOU...

BUT NOT TO KILL ME.

OH... DAMN.

WARDEN'S DEAD.
HIS SAFE EMPTIED.

ALL THE EVIDENCE OF OUR DEAL WAS IN THAT SAFE.

WITHOUT IT, I'M JUST ANOTHER PRISONER. JUST ANOTHER...

...MURDERER.

KLANGA KLANGA KLANGA

THIS...

...IS OFFICIALLY...

...MY LEAST FAVORITE DAY IN PRISON.

HANDS IN THE AIR, INMATE!

HANDS UP! DO IT!

WE WILL BLOW YOU AWAY!

BACK AWAY FROM THE BODY!

THOSE NINJA WILL BE LONG GONE BY NOW. THE FOOT SET ME UP.

UP AGAINST THE WALL!

GNNHK!

...THEY'LL BE COMING FOR US ALL.

AND IF THEY'VE COME FOR ME LIKE THIS, I CAN ONLY IMAGINE...

WHERE'D HE GO?!

GET UP AND FIND HIM!

BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE SEEN THEM.

SINCE THINGS...BROKE DOWN BETWEEN US.

AND WE ALL JUST WENT OUR OWN WAYS.

BUT I'M COMING, BROTHERS.

WHEREVER THE HELL YOU ARE.

NEW YORK CITY.

THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I *AM?!*

YOU'RE ARRESTING THE NEXT MANHATTAN *DISTRICT ATTORNEY!* FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

I WILL HAVE EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR *BADGES* TOSSED INTO THE *EAST RIVER!*

I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT.

FOR ONE, THEY'RE NOT COPS. NOT *YOUR* COPS, AT LEAST.

AND YOU'RE NOT THE *NEXT D.A.*, CARMICHAEL. THAT WOULD BE *ME.*

HALE? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

THESE IDIOTS PULLED ME OVER FOR *NOTHING* AND DRAGGED ME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE!

YES, IT'S *TRAGIC* REALLY. CAUGHT WITH *DRUGS* THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ELECTION, NO DOUBT CELEBRATING THE *VICTORY* THE POLLS ALL SAY YOU'RE SURE TO EARN.

AFTER THE *ARREST,* WELL, YOU CLEARLY COULDN'T LIVE WITH THE *SHAME.*

DRUGS? WHAT DRUGS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT, YOU TWO-BIT *LOSER* OF A--

AAAGH!

TELL *KARAI* I JUST GOT A *BUMP* IN THE POLLS.

AAAAAAAARRRGH

TELL HER TOMORROW'S ELECTION IS AS GOOD AS *MINE.*

YOU TELL THE *FOOT CLAN...*

...NEW YORK CITY IS OURS!

VOTE HALE

ART BY RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

ART BY

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

♪GO! GO! EXTREME GREEN NINJA TEEN!♫

♪FROM A SEWER FULL OF FREEDOM WITH YOUR SHELL OF FURY!♪

♪PARTY DUDE SUPREME!♫

♫YOU ARE THE PIZZA MASTER!♫

♪SUPER MUTANT TURTLE POWER♫ GOOOO!

カワバンガ

UUGH!

TOKYO, JAPAN.

AH, DAMN, I'M SORRY.

STEVE, YOU ALL RIGHT, BRO?

CUT!

MIKEY, WHY'D YOU STOP? THAT WAS LOOKING AWESOME.

I HIT THE *STUNTMAN* IN THE FACE.

YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE FIGHTING NINJAS WHO WANNA *KILL* YOU, IT'S HARD TO SUDDENLY *PULL YOUR PUNCHES,* YOU KNOW?

STEVE'S FINE. AREN'T YOU, STEVE?

YEAH. MIKEY, BUDDY, YOUR *'CHUCKS...*

...THEY'RE *FOAM RUBBER,* REMEMBER?

OH... YEAH.

RIGHT.

LET'S GO AGAIN, PEOPLE! *TOE CLAN* NINJAS, TO YOUR MARKS!

*WHEN YOU PICK UP A SET OF NUNCHUCKS FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TOUGHEST FIGHT YOU'RE GONNA FACE...IS WITH **YOURSELF.***

YOU START SWINGING THEM AROUND, IT'S GUARANTEED YOU'LL WHACK YOUR ELBOW, YOUR RIBS, YOUR KNEE...

...YOUR FACE A COUPLE GOOD TIMES...

...AND EVERY OTHER PLACE ON YOU YOU'D RATHER NOT HAVE **CLONKED** WITH A CHUNK OF **FLYING WOOD.**

IF YOU CAN'T PUT UP WITH THAT...YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE POINT WHERE YOU ACTUALLY GET TO START CLONKING **SOMEBODY ELSE.**

THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE NUNCHAKU.

YOU GOTTA BE ABLE TO BEAT THE LIVING CRAP **OUTTA YOURSELF,** DAY AFTER DAY.

ME? I'M SOMETHING OF A **MASTER.**

YOU'D JUST NEVER KNOW IT.

THAT'S HOW GOOD A NINJA I AM.

<AND THE CATERER SAYS, "WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? I THOUGHT TURTLES LOVED CRICKETS!">*

*Translated from Japanese.

HA HAA HA HAA!

<HA! YOU'RE SO HILARIOUS!>

<YEAH...>

IT'S REALLY NOT THAT FUNNY.

<MR. MIKEY?>

<THE CHEF RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS FABULOUS MEAL WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO MEET YOU.>

<OH YEAH, OF COURSE. MAN, *WOW,* EVERYTHING WAS AMAZING. EVEN THE STUFF I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.>

ANYONE WHO IS SOMEONE IN TOKYO IS AT THIS TABLE. CELEBRITIES, STUDIO EXECUTIVES, THE GOVERNOR, I THINK?

AND I GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.

I GIVE THEM THE FULL MIKEY.

<SERIOUSLY, THE *BEST* MEAL I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE! HANDS DOWN!>

<LET'S GIVE THE CHEF A ROUND OF APPLAUSE, PEOPLE!>

*IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS SINCE I BECAME A **SUPERSTAR.***

THE TOAST OF TOKYO.

STAR OF JAPAN'S HOTTEST NEW TV SERIES.

*I SPEND MY DAYS BONKING **MAKE-BELIEVE** NINJAS WITH FOAM RUBBER **STUNT-CHUCKS**...*

*...MY NIGHTS BEING **WINED AND DINED** ACROSS THE CITY...*

...PEOPLE SCREAMING MY NAME WHEREVER I GO.

ALL WANTING TO SPEND A MINUTE WITH THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TURTLE.

*WHO KNEW IT WAS POSSIBLE TO FEEL SO WILDLY, RIDICULOUSLY **ADORED**...*

...YET AT THE SAME TIME...

...SO UTTERLY ALONE?

*IT WAS A **LIE**, WHAT I SAID TO THE CHEF.*

THIS IS THE FANCIEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN. DINNER COSTS MORE THAN SOME PEOPLE MAKE IN A YEAR.

*BUT THIS **WASN'T** THE BEST MEAL I'VE EVER HAD.*

NOT EVEN CLOSE.

RUPERT'S PIZZERIA

I USED TO SNEAK OUT AFTER DINNER...LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

I NEVER FOUND MUCH.

THE FOOT CLAN MAY BE BASED IN JAPAN, BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN PEACEFUL BETWEEN US FOR OVER A YEAR NOW.

AND WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE SHOW, IT'S GOTTEN SO I CAN'T EVEN CHASE AFTER MUGGERS ANYMORE.

INSTEAD, THEY CHASE ME, WANTING AN AUTOGRAPH.

NOT TO MENTION THE PAPARAZZI, WITH THEIR CAMERAS ALWAYS POPPING AND FLASHING.

THESE DAYS, FROZEN PIZZAS AND OLD KUNG FU FLICKS...THAT'S HOW I UNWIND.

DUDE.

WHEN DID I GET SO OLD?

UUUH...

BEEN BUYING PIZZAS FROM THE SAME CONVENIENCE STORE FOR WEEKS, BUT I MUST'VE GOTTEN AHOLD OF AN EXPIRED ONE.

GAAAH!

WHAT THE...

MUST BE PAPARAZZI DRONES AGAIN, TRYING TO SNAP SOME PICS. WHERE DID I LEAVE MY THROWING STARS?

WAIT, THEY'RE COMING INSIDE? WHAT THE HECK IS HAPPENING?

HEY...COULD YOU DUDES TURN DOWN THE LIGHTS?

I CAN'T...CAN'T EVEN SEE STRAIGHT RIGHT--

GNNGH!

YOU KNOW WHAT?

UUUGH!

I'M STARTING TO THINK THESE GUYS AREN'T PHOTOGRAPHERS.

DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS...BUT YOU JERK WADS...

...SURE PICKED THE *WRONG* PENTHOUSE.

SUPER MUTANT TURTLE POWER GO!

OH RIGHT, I FORGOT.

I'M NOT A NINJA ANYMORE.

GAAARRRGH!

I JUST PLAY ONE ON TV.

CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT. FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN DRUGGED.

THEY MUST'VE POISONED THE PIZZA.

AH, MAN, C'MON...

...THAT'S A NEW LOW.

NO IDEA WHO THEY ARE.

THINK I TRY TO ASK A COUPLE TIMES AND WIND UP WITH A MOUTHFUL OF GLASS.

LOSE TRACK OF HOW MANY WALLS THEY PUT ME THROUGH.

HEAD'S MADE OF RAW HAMBURGER. EYES USELESS. INSIDES IN KNOTS.

AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF THIS, I START TO REALIZE SOMETHING.

I REALIZE I'M ABOUT TO DIE.

I GOT SOFT. GOT STUPID.

OR MAYBE I WAS ALWAYS STUPID.

BUT USED TO BE I HAD SOME PROTECTION.

GRERGH!

I HAD BROTHERS.

URGH!

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE...TO HEAR THEIR...ANNOYING INSULTS...ONE MORE TIME.

CONGRATULATIONS, MIKEY. LOOKS LIKE YOU FINALLY DID IT.

HRRRGN!

WHAT...?

YOU MADE EVERYTHING AROUND YOU A *JOKE.*

JUST LIKE *YOU!*

LEO?!

NOT LAUGHING NOW, THOUGH, ARE YOU, LITTLE BROTHER?

BET YOU'RE SUDDENLY WISHING YOU'D *LISTENED* ONCE IN A WHILE!

WHEN WE TRIED TO *TEACH* YOU!

TO *GROW THE HELL UP!*

RAPH, I DID! I GOT OLD AND *BORING!* YOU DON'T--

UGH!

DONNIE... NOT YOU, TOO...

GUHGH!

LOOK AT YOU, STILL NOT TAKING THINGS SERIOUSLY!

EVEN WHEN YOU'RE GROVELING ON THE FLOOR, ABOUT TO DIE!

A TV NINJA. YOU BROUGHT *SHAME* TO CLAN HAMATO.

YEAH, YOUR SHOW'S NOT EVEN THAT *GOOD*, BRO.

HEH.

TO MASTER THE NUNCHAKU, YOU MUST LEARN TO TAKE A BEATING.

HA!

LAUGHING WITH YOUR LAST BREATH. WHAT A *DISGRACE.*

BE BETTER IN THE NEXT LIFE, MIKEY.

*WHOEVER YOU ARE...YOU CAN'T **POSSIBLY** BEAT ME UP MORE THAN I DO MYSELF.*

*I GO TO ARTICLES ABOUT ME AND READ THE **COMMENTS.***

*I OBSESS OVER EVERY LITTLE THING I'VE EVER SAID THAT CAME OUT **WRONG.***

EVERY WEIRD LOOK ANYONE EVER GAVE ME.

*TEN MILLION PEOPLE WATCH MY SHOW EVERY WEEK, AND IT'S **NOT ENOUGH.***

NGGNH!

NOT ENOUGH TO FILL THE HOLE INSIDE MY...

BHAAARGH!

...MY, YEAH... ALL OF THAT.

OKAY. THAT HELPED.

MUST'VE PUKED SOME OF THE POISON OUTTA MY GUTS.

VISION CLEARING A BIT. MIND UNFOGGING.

SUDDENLY FEEL A BIT **BETTER.**

ENOUGH TO REMEMBER...

...THAT I'M NOT FIGHTING MY BROTHERS.

WHOEVER THEY ARE, THESE KILLERS THINK THEY CAN **BLIND** ME.

NO MORE FOAM RUBBER.

THESE ARE *DIAMOND ENCRUSTED.*

SO, HOW ABOUT WE GO FOR *TAKE TWO,* BOYS?

BUT I'M USED TO THE **SPOTLIGHT.**

I'M MICHELANGELO.

TEENAGE MUTANT MEGASTAR.

AND IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...

...I'M KIND OF A BIG DEAL.

ZZZKT

STILL DRUGGED. NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.

STILL FIND MYSELF WANTING TO RAGE AT MY BROTHERS.

BECAUSE OF WHAT THEY DID TO DRIVE US APART.

TO BREAK THE FAMILY.

THOSE JERKS ABANDONED ME.

AND WHAT DID THEIR LITTLE BROTHER DO WHEN LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES?

HE BECAME THE BIGGEST STAR IN THE WORLD.

ME. I DID THAT.

ALL ON MY NUNCHUCKING LONESOME.

SO WHY DO I FEEL LIKE IF THEY WERE HERE RIGHT NOW...

...MY BROTHERS WOULDN'T SEE MICHELANGELO, WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER NINJA...

...TO THEM I'D STILL BE PLAIN OLD--

MIKEY!

...RAPH?

I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD.

LOOKS LIKE THE FOOT CLAN WAS FASTER.

MIKEY, LISTEN, WE'VE GOT TO--

RRRGH!

GUGH! MIKEY, WHAT THE HELL?!

SECOND HAMATO BROTHER SIGHTED.

REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING NOW.

ORDERS FROM NEW YORK ARE CLEAR.

NO TURTLE GETS OUT ALIVE.

A FEW MINUTES AGO, WHEN I **THOUGHT** I WAS FIGHTING MY BROTHERS...

...I WAS SICK. POISONED. OUT OF MY MIND.

BUT NOW...

...NOW I KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING.

ART BY

GEOFF SHAW

ART BY

CLIFF CHIANG

IT IS SAID BY SOME THAT ONE'S LIFE IS FOREVER INCOMPLETE UNTIL YOU'VE BATHED AT LEAST ONCE IN THE GANGES RIVER.

IT IS SAID THAT THESE SACRED WATERS BRING SALVATION.

I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR NINE MONTHS, LIVING ON THESE SHORES.

SALVATION HAS NOT FOUND ME.

BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAS.

9 MONTHS EARLIER.

EVERY DAY IN INDIA, **FUNERALS** ARE HELD ALONG THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

BODIES ARE CREMATED AND THEIR HALF-BURNED REMAINS WIND UP WASHING INTO THE RIVER.

OVER THE YEARS, THE **SOFTSHELL TURTLES** THAT LIVE IN THE MUD ALONG THE GANGES DELTA HAVE COME TO DEVELOP A TASTE FOR SUCH...**NECROTIC POLLUTION.**

LOCALS SAY THE TURTLES CAN STRIP A CORPSE CLEAN IN A MATTER OF HOURS, LEAVING NOTHING BUT THE BONES.

I HOPE VERY MUCH THAT THIS IS TRUE. BECAUSE I HAVE COME HERE TO FIND THESE TURTLES. AND TO **FEED** THEM.

FEED THEM SOMETHING THAT HAS **DIED.**

I AM LEONARDO OF CLAN HAMATO.

THE SOUL OF A NINJA INSIDE THE BODY OF A MUTANT.

AFTER MONTHS SPENT MEDITATING UPON EVERY VARIED ASPECT OF MY BEING...

...I STILL FIND MYSELF FEELING LOST.

EVERY ASPECT, THAT IS...BUT ONE.

I HAVE DECIDED TO SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT HERE...IN THE ONE PLACE ON THE PLANET WHERE THE DEAD FIND ETERNAL REDEMPTION...

...IN THE GULLET OF A TURTLE.

I AM LEONARDO OF CLAN HAMATO.

I HUMBLE MYSELF BEFORE YOUR TRIBE AND ASK ONLY TO BE ALLOWED TO *COMMUNE* WITH YOU, AS ONE ANIMAL TO--

I...

THANK YOU.

I UNDERSTAND.

THESE TURTLES MAY EAT THE DEAD.

BUT THEY DO NOT KILL THEM.

THE FIRST LESSON BEGINS.

I KNOW THIS TEACHING. I ALREADY FIGHT THIS DARK URGE. EVERY DAY I STARE EVIL IN THE FACE, EVERY TIME MY KATANA SLIDES OUT OF ITS SCABBARD.

STILL I THANK THEM FOR THE LESSON AS I KNEEL AND WAIT FOR ANOTHER.

I LOSE TRACK OF HOW MANY DAYS I KNEEL. AND THE TURTLES NEVER ONCE ACKNOWLEDGE ME.

UNTIL THEY DO.

HMM?

OWWW!

THAT'S IT! I GIVE UP!

THESE MUD TURTLES MIGHT AS WELL BE MY **BROTHERS.** TURNS OUT THEY HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.

NONE OF THEM WANT ME AROUND.

I CAME HERE SEEKING DIRECTION. I CAME HERE TO BE **SEEN.**

AND SUDDENLY... I GET MY WISH.

POACHERS.

THEY'LL SMUGGLE THE TURTLES OUT OF THEIR HOME AND SELL THEM OFF PIECE BY PIECE, TO BE CONSUMED IN THE FORM OF TRADITIONAL MEDICINES.

TURTLES EAT THE DEAD. THE LIVING EAT THE TURTLES. EVERYONE SEEKING AN ELUSIVE STATE OF GRACE.

SO I GUESS THE QUESTION IS... WHICH ONE AM I?

GOOD HAUL. LET'S GET MOVING.

WAIT... DID YOU SEE THESE TRACKS?

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THEM. THERE MUST BE A *BIG ONE* NESTING NEARBY.

I AM NOT A MAN. BUT NOT TRULY A TURTLE.

ONCE I AT LEAST HAD BROTHERS, OTHERS LIKE ME.

A MASTER. A MISSION. BUT NOW...

...NOW I AM JUST MORE ROTTING FILTH FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER, WITH NO SUCH THING AS GRACE TO BE FOUND.

HOLY...

AAAGH!

THE SECOND LESSON.

AFTER THAT...WE MEDITATE TOGETHER...

...THE MAN-EATING MUD TURTLES AND I.

THE POACHERS DON'T COME ANYMORE. IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I HAD CAUSE TO MAKE A FIST.

I FEEL I AM GETTING CLOSE...TO SOME PRIMAL LEVEL OF ENLIGHTENMENT. I FEEL THE SCAB OF MY OLD SELF SLOUGHING AWAY.

I DECIDE...THAT I WILL STAY HERE **FOREVER.** WHERE I AM MOST NEEDED.

THAT I WILL GIVE MYSELF WHOLLY TO BEING A **TURTLE.**

I DECIDED ALL THIS... YESTERDAY.

TODAY.

NO. NO TIME TO FEED. WE NEED TO GET EVERYONE INTO THE WATER. NOW.

THEY'RE NOT DEAD ANYWAY.

DESPITE HOW MUCH THEY *DESERVE* TO BE.

SCOUT TEAM HAS MADE CONTACT. ALL UNITS CONVERGE.

I HEAR THE CHOPPERS IN THE DISTANCE. THE BLOODHOUND HAS FOUND THE TRAIL. NOW COME THE HUNTERS.

GO IN PEACE.

MAY THE RIVER BRING YOU SALVATION, MY FRIENDS.

PEACE. ENLIGHTENMENT. PURIFICATION. THESE ARE THE STATES OF GRACE I SOUGHT ALONG THESE SHORES.

I HAVE NOT FOUND THEM YET.

SO I AM FORCED TO GO IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING ELSE.

THE FOOT CLAN DO NOT COME SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT.

THEY HAVE MADE THAT VERY CLEAR.

BECAUSE THEY CAME HERE FOR ME, THE BLOOD OF TURTLES STAINS THEIR BLADES.

THEY HAVE FELLED THE EATERS OF THE DEAD.

NOW THERE IS NO PATH TO SALVATION HERE.

EXCEPT THROUGH ME.

BUT WHAT AWAITS YOU WON'T BE REDEMPTION. WON'T BE ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY RESEMBLING GRACE.

THE ONLY SALVATION I HAVE TO OFFER...

...IS MADE OF HIGH-CARBON **STEEL.**

SHIK

SHAK

4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS LATER.

YOU MAY REACH A POINT IN LIFE WHERE THE PATH YOU'VE BEEN WALKING SUDDENLY **DISAPPEARS** BENEATH YOU, LEAVING YOU TO FORGE A NEW WAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT I WAS DOING HERE.

BUT SOMETIMES, IT SEEMS...THAT THE ONLY WAY FORWARD... IS TO GO **BACK** THE WAY YOU CAME.

TO UNSUTURE AN OLD WOUND.

AND LET IT BLEED ALL OVER AGAIN.

HERE END THE LESSONS.

HELP... I CAN'T...

=COUGH COUGH=

ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN HERE, I'VE BEEN WAITING... WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO CLEANSE MYSELF IN THESE WATERS.

KRAK

FACIAL ID RECOGNIZED.

BUT NOW WHEN I LOOK, ALL I SEE... IS A FILTHY RIVER.

AUTOPILOT ENGAGED. STATE MISSION STATUS.

OBJECTIVE ACHIEVED. PROCEED TO NEXT TARGET.

UNDERSTOOD.

PROCEEDING TO TOKYO, JAPAN.

I WAS LOOKING FOR SALVATION IN THE WRONG PLACE.

THE GRACE TO BE FOUND HERE... ISN'T FOR THE LIKES OF ME.

YET, BECAUSE I CAME TO THESE SHORES, THERE ARE NOW MORE TURTLES ALONG THE GANGES THAN EVER.

MORE SALVATION TO COME.

ONE BITE AT A TIME.

TOKYO.

STOP THIS, YOU IDIOT!

GARRGH!

I CAME HERE TO *HELP* YOU, MIKEY!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR HELP, RAPH!

WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO WHATEVER ROCK YOU CRAWLED UNDER MONTHS AGO!

LOOK AROUND! I'M DOING JUST *FINE!*

NO THANKS TO YOU!

NO THANKS TO *ANY* OF YOU!

YOU DON'T LOOK FINE, LITTLE BROTHER! YOU *LOOK* BEAT HALF TO HELL! AND YOU SMELL LIKE *THROW UP!*

CAN WE FOCUS ON THE REAL ISSUE HERE? THE FOOT CLAN? REMEMBER THE NINJAS THAT SUDDENLY WANNA KILL US AGAIN?

"BROTHER"?!

YOU DON'T GET TO CALL ME THAT! NOT ANYMORE!

GRRRGGGH!

GUUGH! WHY ARE YOU SO STUPID?!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS THE FOOT CAME FOR ME *FIRST!*

THAT'S *RIDICULOUS!*

ALSO, THEY DEFINITELY CAME FOR ME FIRST! THEY ATTACKED ME IN PRISON THREE DAYS AGO!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU ALWAYS--

--WAIT... YOU WERE IN *PRISON?*

DEATH TO THE HAMATOS!

SEE, THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL *BOTH* OF US, YOU MORON!

YEAH, BUT THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME *HARDER!*

YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY'VE PROBABLY SEEN YOUR *TV SHOW.*

GNNGH!

NICE SUCKER PUNCH.

THANKS, I LIKED IT.

YOU'RE GONNA GET US BOTH KILLED.

NAH, JUST YOU, YA BIG JERK. AS SOON AS I'M DONE WITH--

SHELLS!

WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT? DID YOU HEAR...

UUUGH...

AW, MAN... MY LIVING ROOM.

MIKEY, YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH.

GAAGH! I AM GONNA *TEAR* YOU--

STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!

GREAT. NOW THE JERKS ARE *MULTIPLYING.*

WAIT, LET ME GUESS, LEO. YOU'RE HERE TO TELL US HOW THIS NEVER WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF WE'D JUST LISTENED TO *YOU.*

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. WE NEED TO GO. MORE FOOT CLAN SOLDIERS ARE ON THE MOVE.

YEAH. *SAYONARA,* DUDES. I CAN HANDLE THE REST.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY'RE NOT COMING HERE.

THEY FOUND *DONNIE.*

OUR BROTHER'S IN *BIG TROUBLE.*

ART BY

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

ART BY CHRIS BURNHAM

COLORS BY BRIAN REBER

SINCE I CAME BACK, FROM MY LAST TRIP THROUGH TIME*, EVERYTHING ABOUT ME IS SOMEHOW...

...OFF-KILTER.

SEE TMNT: REBORN, VOL 9: FIRST, LAST, ALWAYS!

ENTIRE SKELETAL STRUCTURE ACHES. CAN'T KEEP FOOD DOWN. BODY WITHERING AWAY. ARTIFICAL SHELL FEELS LIKE AN ANVIL ON MY BACK.

GET HEADACHES SOMETHING FIERCE. LOTS OF HEADACHES.

GOTTEN SO I CAN'T STARE AT A SCREEN FOR MORE THAN A MINUTE WITHOUT FEELING LIKE MY CRANIUM'S ABOUT TO SHATTER.

FOR ME, THAT'S EVEN WORSE THAN THE PAIN. NOT BEING ABLE TO WORK MAKES ME FEEL LIKE SOME ESSENTIAL PART OF MY BEING IS...BROKEN. SEVERED. LOST.

LIKE I'VE SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN HOW TO BREATHE.

TRYING TO STAY AWAY FROM THE MYSTIC ARTS. WORRIED THIS IS ME PAYING THE PRICE FOR HOW MUCH I'VE BEEN TAMPERING WITH THOSE KINDS OF FORCES.

NOT SURE WHERE ELSE TO TURN. MY BROTHERS ARE... WELL, WE'VE GROWN MORE AND MORE DISTANT SINCE...

...SINCE THE THING THAT HAPPENED THAT NONE OF US WANT TO TALK ABOUT.

WE'VE ALL GONE OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

GUESS I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR MY WAY.

FIGURE THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT TO LOOK.

New York City 150

WALKED OUT OF NORTHAMPTON A COUPLE DAYS AGO. THERE WAS NOTHING THERE FOR ME ANYMORE.

WAS SPENDING ALL MY TIME ALONE IN THE WOODS, TALKING TO A GRAVE, JUST HOPING TO HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN.

MASTER SPLINTER... FATHER, I REALLY MISS YOU.

FOSSIL

HEH.

FOR A SECOND THERE, I ACTUALLY THOUGHT ABOUT FOLLOWING THAT RANDOM RAT. LIKE IT WAS SOME KIND OF OMEN.

BUT I'M NOT THAT CRAZY YET.

AM I?

HELP US...

HELLO?

DID SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING?

WHERE ARE YOU?

IN HERE!

OH NO... *MUTANTS!*

THEY ABDUCTED US. PLEASE, HURRY, UNLOCK THE DOOR BEFORE THEY COME BACK.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE AS SOON AS I--

GAGH!

THE DRUGS WORK FAST. VISION BLURRY, VEINS ON FIRE.

*BUT IT'S THE **STRANGEST** THING. I SWEAR, SINCE I FIRST SAW THAT RAT...*

...MY HEAD STOPPED HURTING.

I WONDER... WONDER WHAT THAT...

MONTHS LATER.

THE DEEP SOUTH.

SUNSHINE SAFARI PARK

CLOSED FOR BUSINE

"IT'S 2000 CASH, UPFRONT."

YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY PEN IN THE STOCKADE. ONCE WE OPEN IT, YOU GET *FIVE MINUTES* SAFARI TIME.

FORGET HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE.

LONG ENOUGH I'VE STARTED TO LOSE TRACK OF WHATEVER THERE WAS TO LIFE BEFORE THIS PLACE.

"YOU CAN'T FINISH YOUR SAFARI BY THEN, THEY GO BACK IN THE PEN. ANOTHER ROUND, ANOTHER TWO GRAND."

"NO REFUNDS."

SOMETIMES... I FORGET WHO I AM.

UNTIL THAT GATE CLANKS OPEN. AND I REMEMBER...

I'M THE GUY MADE OF FRAYED WIRES AND FRIED PROCESSORS...

...WHO STILL GETS UP WHEN IT'S TIME FOR A FIGHT.

ALL RIGHT, PAL. TIME TO CHOOSE YOUR FIGHTER.

SOME COME IN AMPED-UP. OTHERS, SCARED WITLESS.

I GOTTA KNOW WHEN TO GLARE AND BELLOW OR WHEN TO LOOK AWAY AND WHIMPER.

I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES.

TO MAKE SURE THEY CHOOSE ME.

SOMETIMES I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TRY.

SOMETIMES ALL IT TAKES IS ONE LOOK THROUGH THE BARS, AND I CAN TELL...

THEY WANT TO KILL ME.

MAYBE THEY SEE THE STATE OF ME AND FIGURE THEY'D BE DOING THIS POOR, WRETCHED CREATURE A FAVOR. MAYBE THEY WOULD BE.

ALL THE HUNTERS TALK ABOUT THIS ONE.

I WANT HIM.

BUT I CAN'T DIE. ANYMORE THAN I ALREADY HAVE.

I HAVE TO LIVE...

...SO I CAN MAKE SURE...

...THAT IT'S ALWAYS ME WHO STEPS OUT OF THIS CAGE.

CLUNG

UNTIL THE DAY WE ALL DO.

RRRGH!

UUURGH!

SEE THERE. THAT RIGHT THERE.

I DON'T CARE FOR THAT.

NEVER LIKE THE WAY HE JUST *STARES* AT US AFTER. THAT IS ONE *CREEPY* TURTLE.

ALL RIGHT, GREENIE, YOU KNOW THE DRILL! BACK IN THE CELL!

OR YOU AND ALL YOUR CRITTER FRIENDS GET THE *FIREHOSE!*

FOR MONTHS, I'VE BEEN WATCHING AND LISTENING, TRYING TO CRACK THE CODES TO THE CELLS, THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE, THE MAIN GATE.

WARNING
ELECTRIC FENCE

HOW LONG IT TAKES THE GUARDS TO CHARGE THEIR TASERS. WHICH DAYS THEY COME IN MORE SLUGGISH FROM EATING A BIG BREAKFAST.

YOU HEAR ME, YOU STUPID MUTANT?! GET IN YOUR DAMN CELL!

BUT ONCE I'M OUTSIDE THIS CAGE...I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT ELSE IS WAITING FOR ME HERE.

NEED MORE TIME.

UUUGH.

NO REFUNDS.

NEED ONE MORE FIGHT.

IF WE CAN MAKE IT THAT LONG.

HEY... DONNIE?

HOW'S IT GOING IN THERE?

JUST DOING SOME *PUSH-UPS.* YOU KNOW, GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT FIGHT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. HOW ARE THE REST OF YOU HOLDING UP?

WE'RE DOING ALL RIGHT. THANKS TO YOU.

AND THE FOOD YOU'VE MANAGED TO SWIPE FOR US.

THE FIGHTS YOU'VE PROTECTED US FROM.

DONNIE...WE JUST WANNA DO WHATEVER WE CAN TO *HELP.*

TO HELP US ALL GET OUTTA HERE.

TO HELP *YOU.*

WE'RE *WORRIED.* WE...WE HEAR YOU *TALKING* TO YOURSELF SOMETIMES.

YEAH. BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE CODES FOR THE DOORS. AND I ALWAYS TELL EVERYTHING I LEARN TO *SPLINTER.*

YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE.

HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD JUST TO HELP ME.

HE...HE HELPS *REMIND* ME WHO I AM.

SOMETIMES... WHEN I FORGET.

DONATELLO. MY NAME IS... DONATELLO.

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, BUDDY. ONE MORE FIGHT, AND I THINK I'LL BE READY.

UNTIL THEN, IF SOMEBODY'S SICK, IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO GET YOU WHATEVER YOU NEED.

DONNIE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR US ALREADY, AND WE WANNA GET OUTTA HERE SO BAD...

...BECAUSE WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT *YOU.*

ONE MORE FIGHT.

THE NEXT MORNING.

OKAY, YOU KNOW THE RULES, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO GO OVER THOSE. BUT THIS PART'S A BIT DIFFERENT THIS TIME.

4000 CASH, UPFRONT.

HMM?

4000?

HEH. DON'T GUESS WE GOTTA ASK WHICH ANIMAL YOU'RE CHOOSING.

YOU. YOU'RE *BACK.*

YEAH.

WE *ALL* ARE.

EVERY HUNTER I'VE FACED IN THIS PIT. ALL HERE TOGETHER.

GUESS THE GUARDS HAVE FINALLY GOTTEN TIRED OF ME.

NO TIME LIMIT ON THIS ONE.

SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA *THIN* THE HERD.

MASTER SPLINTER.

IF I DON'T MAKE IT, I NEED YOU TO *LEAD* THESE OTHER MUTANTS OUT OF HERE.

AND TELL MY BROTHERS...

CLUNG

...TELL THEM...

HAPPY HUNTING, PEOPLE.

NONE OF THEM ARE TRAINED FIGHTERS.

AND I'VE BEATEN THEM ALL BEFORE.

BUT THEY HAVE RAGE ON THEIR SIDE.

NOT TO MENTION NUMBERS.

AND I'M SHRIVELED AND RAW AND TIRED. AND SOMETIMES I THINK THAT MAYBE...

GUGH!

ELECTRIC FENCE

...I MIGHT JUST BE A TEENSY BIT DERANGED.

NO. NO TIME TO LOSE MY MIND.

TO BE WEAK.

RAGH!

HAVE TO BE WHO I AM.

GUARDS ARE SLOPPY. GREASE ON THEIR FINGERS. ON THE KEYPAD.

CAN TELL THE RANGE OF NUMBERS. ONE OF 64 DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS.

TOO MANY PEOPLE COUNTING ON ME.

I GUESS THE DUMBEST ONES FIRST.

WHAT THE HELL?! HE UNLOCKED THE DOOR!

THEY'RE ALSO LAZY. FORGET TO PRIME THEIR TASERS. TAKES 20 SECONDS TO FULLY CHARGE.

HHK!

I ONLY NEED 2.

LISTENED TO THE GUARDS BLATHER FOR HOURS. I KNOW THE NAMES OF THEIR PETS, THE CELEBRITIES THEY LUST AFTER, THEIR FAVORITE SPORTS BALL TEAMS.

HAVE TO TRY THEM ALL.

COME BACK HERE!

NEED TO GIVE MYSELF A MINUTE.

ONLY TAKES 63 TRIES. AND JUST LIKE THAT...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS, NOTHING STANDS BETWEEN ME...

...AND THE WORLD I LEFT BEHIND.

I KNOW THESE GUYS...

THE FOOT CLAN.

SO THEY'VE BEEN BEHIND THIS ALL ALONG?

WHA... WHAT JUST...

NINJAS? WHO THE HECK ARE *THESE* GUYS?

NO! GET DOWN!

GUESS THAT ANSWERS THAT QUESTION. THE FOOT'S NOT CONNECTED TO MY CAPTORS AFTER ALL.

THEY'RE JUST GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MUTANT HATERS. SO THAT MEANS...

A MINUTE AGO, THESE PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO KILL ME. NOW...

GET BACK! ALL OF YOU!

NOW I FIGHT TO SAVE THEM.

BECAUSE I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER WHO I AM.

THE BOY OF CLAN HAMATO.

THE MAN MY FATHER RAISED.

THE TURTLE WHO FIGHTS NO MATTER THE ODDS...

...WITH NOTHING BUT GRIT AND A STICK.

"DAMN IT, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE. THE FOOT CLAN ALREADY MADE THEIR MOVE."

WELL MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU GUYS CAN GET US HERE QUICKER IN *YOUR* PRIVATE JET.

SHUT UP, MIKEY.

RAPH, TAKE THE BACK DOOR. *MIKEY,* WITH ME.

SHOVE IT WITH THE ORDERS, *LEO.* JUST 'CUZ WE'RE HERE TO SAVE DONNIE DON'T MEAN WE'RE GOING BACK TO BEING ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

UH, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT SAVING *DONNIE?*

DONNIE... BRO, YOU LOOK...

THOSE MUTANTS OUT FRONT NEED TO BE BROUGHT TO *MUTANT ISLAND* FOR MEDICAL CARE.

GUYS BACK THERE IN THE CAGES CAN BE TURNED OVER TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING AN ILLEGAL *MUTANT FIGHTING* PIT.

MY GOD, DONNIE.

WHAT HAVE YOU *BEEN* THROUGH HERE?

IT'S NOT ALL BAD. GUYS, LOOK WHO CAME BACK TO US.

MASTER SPLINTER IS BACK FROM THE DEAD!

UM.

DONNIE...

...THAT *RAT* IS...

SHUT UP, MIKEY.

SO I GUESS THE FOOT CLAN'S TRYING TO KILL US AGAIN, *HUH?*

JUST LIKE *OLD TIMES.*

RIGHT.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

NEW YORK CITY.

"I GREW UP IN NEW YORK. HELL'S KITCHEN, BORN AND BRED."

CLOSED FOR REMODELING

I SWAM IN THE HUDSON. PLAYED STICK BALL IN THE MIDDLE OF 42ND STREET.

BACK THEN, YOU WANTED TO GO TRAIPSING UPTOWN, YOU HAD TO FIGHT YOUR WAY THERE, BLOCK BY BLOCK.

THIS CITY MADE YOU TOUGH. MADE ME TOUGH ENOUGH TO BE THE NEWLY ELECTED DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN THESE PARTS. BUT LOOK AT IT NOW.

TIMES SQUARE'S A KIDDIE PARK. BROOKLYN'S A JOKE. STATEN ISLAND IS...WELL, STATEN ISLAND'S PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.

BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT NEW YORK HAS GONE *SOFT!*

JUST LIKE THE *REST* OF THE COUNTRY!

AS MEMBERS OF MY PERSONAL TASK FORCE, YOU NOW HAVE ONE MISSION.

TO *SAVE* THIS CITY FROM ITSELF.

TO OPEN OLD WOUNDS AND EARN NEW SCARS.

TO REMIND NEW YORK HOW TO BE MEAN.

AND TO CARVE OUT THE *MUTANT SICKNESS* THAT'S BEEN KEEPING IT WEAK!

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

ART BY

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

ART BY JAVIER FERNÁNDEZ

COLORS BY PATRICIO DELPECHE

NEW YORK CITY. STATE SUPREME COURT BUILDING.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME.

YOU TAKE ONE LOOK AND PRESUME TO HAVE FIGURED OUT MY STORY.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY HALE!

SIR, HOW DO YOU RESPOND TO THE MULTIPLE CHARGES OF ***EXCESSIVE FORCE*** BEING LEVELED AGAINST YOUR NEWLY APPOINTED TASK FORCE, THE SO-CALLED *"FOOT PATROL"*?

INCLUDING REPORTS THAT THEY'RE DISPROPORTIONATELY TARGETING *MUTANTS*?

I WON'T BE TAKING ANY QUESTIONS AT THIS TIME.

OR ***EVER.***

DISPERSE THIS ***MOB.***

GUY LIKE ME...YOU FIGURE MUST'VE BEEN PICKED ON WHEN HE WAS A KID.

THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, RIGHT?

THE BULLIED KID FINALLY HAVING THE POWER.

BUT YOU PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THE FIRST DAMN THING ABOUT ME.

GUHGH!

NO ONE DOES.

NO LIVING SOUL IN THIS WHOLE GODFORSAKEN CITY.

BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO LEARN.

STOP THE FOOT PATROL

STOP FOOT PA BRU

ARGH!

I WAS NEVER BULLIED AS A KID. MY CHILDHOOD WAS FAR MORE EXCRUCIATING THAN THAT.

I WAS SIMPLY... IGNORED.

THE BUS WOULD LEAVE WITHOUT ME. TEACHERS FORGOT MY NAME.

(AND HONESTLY, HOW DO YOU FORGET A NAME LIKE HIERONYMUS HALE?)

PIZZA FISH

PEP RALLY

GO HAW

CLASSMATES NEVER SEEMED TO NOTICE ME AT ALL.

SOMETIMES I SECRETLY YEARNED FOR THEM TO LAUGH OR CALL ME SOME SORT OF CRUEL NAME.

AT LEAST THEN... I WOULD KNOW THAT I WAS REAL.

BUT I NEVER CRIED OR RAN TO SOME THERAPIST TO BLATHER ABOUT MY FEELINGS.

I USED MY SUFFERING. TO **TOUGHEN** MYSELF.

I SWORE THAT NO MATTER WHAT IT TOOK, SOMEDAY I WOULD GIVE THE WORLD NO CHOICE BUT TO **SEE** ME.

I ROARED THROUGH **LAW SCHOOL.** HUMILIATING ONE PROFESSOR AFTER ANOTHER WITH MY **RAZOR-SHARP** DEBATE SKILLS.

I WAS LIKE A WOLF, MUZZLED SINCE BIRTH, FINALLY UNLEASHING A LIFETIME OF **HOWLS.**

STOP POETS

AS THE YOUNGEST PROSECUTOR IN THE CITY, MY SKILLS IN THE COURTROOM BECAME THE STUFF OF LEGAL LEGEND.

MY SUMMATIONS WOULD LEAVE JURORS BAWLING OR SCREAMING OBSCENITIES AT THE ACCUSED.

AFTER ONE PARTICULARLY VIRULENT CLOSING ARGUMENT...

...THE JUDGE ACTUALLY STOOD UP AND **APPLAUDED.**

AND YET THE WORLD STILL FOUND WAYS TO TURN ITS BACK TO ME.

THE OTHER PROSECUTORS WERE INTIMIDATED. MY BOSSES FELT THREATENED.

THE PUBLIC WAS STILL TOO LOST, TOO **WEAK** TO CARE ABOUT MY VICTORIES IN THE COURTROOM.

D.A. HALE... WE JUST...WE WANTED TO SAY... *CONGRATULATIONS* ON THE ELECTION AND--

TOO LATE.

GET OUT. YOU'RE ALL *FIRED.*

AFTER EVERYTHING I'D OVERCOME, I STILL FOUND MYSELF FEELING SLIGHTED AND IGNORED. EXCEPT...

EXCEPT AT HOME.

RONNIE!

HON, OUR RONNIE'S HOME!

TELL US WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO, SON!

TELL US ABOUT ALL THE *BIG TRIALS* YOU'VE WON!

MY PARENTS SAVED EVERY MENTION OF ME FROM THE PAPER. BRAGGED ABOUT MY EXPLOITS TO THEIR FRIENDS. THEY WERE MY BIGGEST FANS.

I WAS SO PROUD WHEN ON THE MEAGER SALARY OF A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR, I WAS ABLE TO BUY THEM A NEW APARTMENT UPTOWN.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES, THEY FELT *RICH,* THEY SAID.

SOMEONE **ELSE** MUST'VE THOUGHT SO TOO.

OH GOD.

POLICE CALLED IT A ROBBERY GONE WRONG.

I KNEW MY PARENTS. THEY WERE TOUGH PEOPLE WHO NEVER BIT THEIR TONGUE.

HELL'S KITCHEN BORN AND BRED.

THEY PROBABLY SAID SOMETHING, STOOD UP TO THE ROBBER.

AND DIED FOR IT.

THE WEAK DEVOUR THE STRONG THESE DAYS. THAT'S HOW **BACKWARDS** THIS CITY HAS BECOME.

THE ONLY DESCRIPTION THEY HAD OF MY PARENTS' KILLER...

"...WAS THAT HE LOOKED LIKE AN ANIMAL!"

YOU BELIEVE THAT? WHAT HAS THIS CITY COME TO?

I MEAN, YOU SHOULD HEAR THE STORIES THEY TELL DOWN AT THE JAIL.

YOU GOT *TURTLES* RUNNING AROUND LIKE THEY'RE PEOPLE! GIVE ME A BREAK!

PAL, I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.

AND I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF WHAT THEY SAY ON THE NEWS. ALL THAT NONSENSE ABOUT *MUTAGEN BOMBS.* MAKES IT SOUND LIKE THEM MUTANTS DIDN'T HAVE A *CHOICE,* RIGHT?

THAT'S WHAT WE DO FOR *FREAKS* THESE DAYS. WE MAKE EXCUSES FOR *WEAKNESS!*

BUDDY, YOU SHOULD REALLY--

I MEAN HOW WEAK A PERSON DO YOU GOTTA BE, TO GIVE IN AND *LET* YOURSELF BECOME AN ANIMAL!

PAL, SERIOUSLY, YOU NEED TO--

AND THEN TO WALK AROUND LIKE YOU'RE ACTUALLY *PROUD* OF IT! *SHEESH!* TALK ABOUT YOUR PATHETIC *LOSERS,* AM I RIGHT?

PAL!

WHAT?!

UM. NEVERMIND.

THEN SHUT UP AND POUR ME ANOTHER!

SURE. YOU'RE ABOUT TO *NEED* IT.

WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

IDIOT.

UGH!

MR. HALE. WELCOME.

THANK YOU FOR JOINING US.

I THOUGHT... THOSE *MONSTERS* WERE GOING TO *KILL* ME.

THIS IS A *BUSINESS* MEETING. AND *BEBOP* AND *ROCKSTEADY* ARE NOTHING IF NOT BUSINESSMEN.

WHAT...WHAT *SORT* OF BUSINESS?

THE ONLY KIND THAT MATTERS.

THE BUSINESS OF *POWER.*

MY NAME IS *OROKU KARAI,* AND LIKE MY FATHER AND GRANDFATHER BEFORE ME, I AM JONIN OF--

THE FOOT CLAN. ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL *CRIMINAL ENTERPRISES.*

I WORK IN THE NEW YORK PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, KARAI.

GOOD. JUST AS I KNOW YOU, HIERONYMUS HALE.

IT APPEARS WE CAN SKIP THE FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS AND GET RIGHT TO THE REASON YOU'RE HERE.

BRING HIM IN.

WHO IS THAT?

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS?*

IT'S THE MUTANT WHO *MURDERED* YOUR PARENTS.

HE MAY HAVE ELUDED YOUR POLICE, BUT MY NINJA ARE QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

IT BARELY TOOK ANY BEATING AT ALL BEFORE HE *CONFESSED.*

HE SAYS HE WAS LOST, CONFUSED, NEWLY MUTATED.

HE WENT TO YOUR PARENTS' HOUSE BY CHANCE, LOOKING FOR HELP.

THEY *ATTACKED* HIM, HE SAYS, NO DOUBT STARTLED BY HIS *FEARSOME* APPEARANCE, AND HE SIMPLY *DEFENDED* HIMSELF.

THAT'S... THAT'S A LIE.

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU BELIEVE, MR. HALE. ALL I NEED FOR YOU TO ACCEPT IS THAT THIS IS INDEED YOUR PARENTS' KILLER.

AND THAT HE...IS MY *GIFT* TO YOU.

BUT IN THE FOOT, GIFTS ARE NOT GIVEN.

THEY MUST BE *EARNED.*

KLUNG

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT *IS* THIS?

NO, THE QUESTION, MR. HALE...

...IS WHAT ARE *YOU?*

SNK

NO...

NOOO!

RRRGH!

GARGH!

I GOT IT!

I...WHAT DO I DO NOW?

YOU... *MONSTER!*

YOU DESERVE TO...

DIIEEE!

YOU.

YOU... *KILLED* THEM.

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, MR. HALE.

MY GOD. IF YOU HADN'T...

I WAS *ABOUT* TO...

YES, I KNOW.

AND SO WILL *EVERYONE* ELSE.

UNLESS YOU DO *EXACTLY* AS I SAY.

NO...I WON'T DO IT...

I'M AN HONEST MAN! I'VE NEVER BROKEN A LAW IN MY LIFE! I WON'T WORK FOR YOU, KARAI!

OH, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF ASKING YOU TO BREAK THE *LAW,* MR. HALE.

I'M ASKING YOU TO *BE* IT.

VOTE HALE

AND JUST LIKE THAT... WHEN THE WORLD FINALLY TURNED ITS FICKLE GAZE UPON HIERONYMUS HALE...

...I WAS READY.

READY TO SEIZE MY MOMENT.

HEY. TOUGH GUYS.

HEARD ON THE TV...YOUR *BOSS* WANTS TO MAKE THIS CITY *MEAN* AGAIN.

ON BEHALF OF EVERY NEW YORKER FROM THE BOWERY TO THE BRONX...ALLOW ME TO RESPOND.

KRAK

YOU GET THE *MESSAGE?*

OR DO I GOTTA *REPEAT* MYSELF?

YEAH!!! NOW WE'RE TALKING!!!

*"I HEAR IT TOOK MORE THAN A **DOZEN** PATROLMEN TO BRING YOU DOWN.*

"IMPRESSIVE."

"STUPID, BUT IMPRESSIVE."

CLOSED FOR REMODELING

THOUGH I ASSURE YOU, *CASEY JONES,* THAT SUCH LAWLESS VIGILANTISM AS YOU'VE DISPLAYED IN THE PAST WILL NO LONGER BE *TOLERATED* IN MY CITY.

YOUR CITY?! YEAH, RIGHT!

YOU'RE JUST A *LAPDOG,* HALE! YOU THINK I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR LITTLE *NINJA COPS?*

I KNOW *FOOT CLAN* TRAINING WHEN I SEE IT!

SO I WANNA TALK TO THE *REAL* BOSS!

WHERE'S KARAI?!

EVEN AFTER EVERYTHING SHE'S DONE, I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'D LEAVE A *MUTANT-HATING* MADMAN LIKE *YOU* IN CHARGE OF HER NINJA!

HEH. KARAI IS... *INDISPOSED.*

"SHE LEFT STRICT ORDERS THAT SHE WAS NOT TO BE DISTURBED.

*"AS TO WHAT SORT OF **PROJECT** CURRENTLY OCCUPIES HER TIME... I COULD NOT SAY."*

BUT BELIEVE ME, THE ONLY INTEREST I SERVE IS THAT OF THE *GOOD PEOPLE* OF NEW YORK. HOWEVER *FEW* OF US THERE ARE LEFT.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT THE FEAR OF BEING MURDERED IN THEIR HOMES BY *ANIMALS.*

PEOPLE WHO ARE TIRED OF BEING IGNORED.

DO I LOOK LIKE I'M *IGNORING* YOU, PAL?!

TELL THESE BUMS TO TURN ME LOOSE AND I'LL *SHOW* YOU!

YOU ARE A WEAK, SELF-LOATHING *AMOEBA* OF A MAN, JONES.

I'VE BEEN CALLED A LOT WORSE BY A WHOLE LOT TOUGHER! THAT ALL YOU GOT?!

OH, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST...

I WILL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO *REDEEM* YOURSELF. THE SAME ONE I WAS GIVEN.

THERE'S NO MORE PLACE FOR MUTANT ENABLERS LIKE YOU IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS.

SIX! YOU CAN'T JUST ERASE *MUTANT TOWN!*

A CHANCE TO SHOW THE WORLD YOUR TRUE *WORTH.*

KLUNG

WHAT IS THIS?

WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER, THE PATROLMEN WILL RELEASE YOU.

AND THEN... THERE WILL JUST BE YOU AND ME, JONES.

AND THE *MACE.*

YOU'RE *JOKING.*

THE FOOT WILL NOT INTERFERE. YOU KNOW THEIR WAYS AS WELL AS ANYONE.

AND NO CHARGES WILL BE FILED AGAINST YOU. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME.

YOU'RE NOT JOKING. YOU'RE *OUT OF YOUR MIND.*

WHAT I AM...IS A *PROUD* NEW YORKER WHO'S DETERMINED TO SEE THAT THE ANIMALS WITHIN THIS CITY STAY WHERE THEY BELONG. IN *CAGES.*

LET HIM GO.

MOTHER, FATHER...I'M FINALLY DOING IT.

*THE WORK I WAS ALWAYS **MEANT** FOR.*

IN SERVICE OF THIS UNGRATEFUL CITY. WHETHER IT LIKES IT OR NOT.

AND MORE IMPORTANTLY... IN YOUR BLESSED NAMES.

MY BENEFACTOR, KARAI...BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED, SHE CHARGED ME WITH ONE OBJECTIVE.

TO SEE THAT THE ENEMIES OF THE FOOT CLAN WERE KEPT...OCCUPIED.

TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK, SHE LEFT ME MY OWN CADRE OF HIGHLY TRAINED KILLERS.

ASSASSINS I'VE ALREADY SET TO WORK...ALL OVER THE WORLD.

BUT SOON, I WILL HAVE AN EVEN GREATER WEAPON AT MY DISPOSAL.

THIS ENTIRE CITY.

A CITY REMADE IN MY IMAGE.

FOR THE MUTANTS OF CLAN HAMATO...

...A CITY OF DEATH.

I DO WONDER SOMETIMES...WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK OF ME. MY BELOVED PARENTS...

I...I HAVE DONE THINGS...

...I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD.

I WON MY OFFICE ONLY AFTER MY OPPONENT UNEXPECTEDLY...DROPPED OUT OF THE RACE.

AND AS FOR THE MUTANT WHO KILLED YOU...

...THE ONE KARAI STOPPED ME FROM MURDERING IN COLD BLOOD...

WHAT IS THIS? WHY ARE WE STOPPING OUT HERE? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HEADED TO PRISON UPSTATE.

I...I WANNA TALK TO A *LAWYER!*

DON'T WORRY THEN.

OH NO.

WHERE YOU'RE HEADED...

...THERE'LL BE PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM!

I WONDER, MOTHER AND FATHER...HOW YOU WOULD FEEL ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE...AND...

...WHAT I STILL MUST DO.

OKAY! I GOT IT!

I WON YOUR STUPID GAME, HALE. SO ENOUGH OF THIS CRAZINESS. I'M WALKING OUT OF HERE!

OR I PROMISE YOU, I WILL...I WILL USE THIS ON SOMEONE!

HALE

HALE

BUT I DON'T REALLY EVER WONDER TOO HARD, DO I?

BECAUSE AT THE END OF THE DAY, MOM AND DAD, I KNOW, IN MY HEART OF HEARTS, THAT YOU'RE BOTH LOOKING DOWN ON ME NOW...

...AND BEAMING WITH PRIDE.

DAMN IT, HALE, DON'T YOU MAKE ME--

AT WHAT YOUR BOY HAS BECOME.

MY NAME IS HIERONYMUS HALE.

THE KING OF NEW YORK.

ART BY

DARICK ROBERTSON

ART BY

JUAN FERREYRA

KARATE IS, MORE THAN ANYTHING... A BALANCING ACT.

AN INTRICATE DANCE.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PUNCH THAT FRACTURES A JAW AND ONE THAT SHATTERS THE PUNCHER'S OWN HAND...IS **MINUSCULE.**

IT IS THE BEND OF A KNEE. THE TILT OF AN ELBOW. THE FLICK OF A WRIST.

EVERY PART OF THE PUNCHER'S FORM MUST WORK IN **UNISON.**

FROM HEAD TO HEELS.

WITHOUT THAT UNITY WITHIN ONESELF...EVEN THE MOST **LEARNED** OF MASTERS...

...WILL BE LEFT A PILE OF JUMBLED MUSCLES...

...BONES AKIMBO...

...AND FOUR BUSTED KNUCKLES WHERE A FIST SHOULD'VE BEEN.

NEW YORK CITY.

WHY ARE WE SNEAKING THROUGH THE SHADOWS LIKE A BUNCHA *CRIMINALS?*

AS MANY TIMES AS WE *SAVED* THIS STINKIN' CITY?

WE *ARE* CRIMINALS, IN THE EYES OF THE LAW.

BECAUSE OF *YOU,* RAPH, REMEMBER?

TOLD YA, LEO. IT WAS A *SETUP.* I DIDN'T KILL THAT *WARDEN.*

OH, YOU MEAN THE WARDEN OF THE *PRISON* WHERE YOU WERE AN *INMATE? THAT* WARDEN?

THAT'S...A *LONG* STORY, MIKEY.

SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE IT'S *NOT,* THOUGH.

THE *FOOT* CAME AFTER US ALL. WE SHOULD BE GOING RIGHT *AT* THEM. RIGHT AT *KARAI.*

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE *DOING,* GENIUS?

MY SOURCES IN JAPAN TELL ME KARAI IS *HERE,* IN NEW YORK, WORKING ON SOME *TOP-SECRET* PROJECT.

I DON'T KNOW, THIS DOESN'T FEEL LIKE KARAI. THIS FEELS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE PULLING THE STRINGS.

DONNIE... YOU *ALL RIGHT,* BUDDY?

OH YEAH, IN CASE ANYBODY CARES, THOSE SAME SOURCES...ALSO TOLD ME MY HIT TV SHOW JUST GOT *CANNED!*

SINCE I'M OFFICIALLY AN ACCESSORY TO *MURDER!*

THANKS TO *YOU,* BIG BRO!

YEAH, THAT'S *MY BAD* FOR COMING TO SAVE *YOUR LIFE,* MR. BIG-TIME TV NINJA!

I'M STANDING IN THE *SEWER!* YOU CALL THIS BEING *SAVED?!*

YOU WERE *JEALOUS* OF ME, JUST ADMIT IT! YOU ALL WERE!

OH MAN, ALL THE SEWERS IN THE WORLD AREN'T *BIG* ENOUGH TO HOLD YOUR *EGO!*

WOULD YOU TWO *GROW UP* ALREADY?! THIS IS *EMBARRASSING!*

SHUT UP, LEO!

YEAH, *SHUT UP, LEO!*

WHO *NEEDS* YOU JERKS?! I'D RATHER DO THIS ON MY *OWN* ANYWAY!

YEAH, BECAUSE YOU'RE CLEARLY *SO GREAT* AT DOING THAT!

I WAS ABOUT TO HAVE MY OWN *ACTION FIGURE,* YOU BUTT-FACED--

BROTHERS?

SPLINTER SAYS THIS ISN'T HELPING.

HE SAYS KARATE IS A BALANCING ACT.

AND RIGHT NOW, WE'RE JUST FOUR BUSTED KNUCKLES WHERE...WHERE A *FIST* SHOULD...

DONNIE... DUDE, SPLINTER IS--

SHUT UP, MIKEY.

I'M SICK OF YOU TELLING ME TO SHUT UP, RAPH!

FINE, THEN *I'LL* DO IT! SHUT UP, MIKEY!

NO, MIKEY'S RIGHT. I WON'T BOTHER *TELLIN'* HIM NO MORE.

UUGH!

I'LL MAKE YA!

STOP IT! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE *CHILDREN!*

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, LEO!

LET HIM GO! I'M GONNA FEED HIM THESE CHUCKS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FATHER. IT'S NEVER BEEN THIS *BAD* BEFORE.

BUT WE CAN'T GO BACK AND CHANGE WHAT HAPPENED TO DRIVE US APART.

WHAT...

...WHAT *WAS* IT THAT HAPPENED AGAIN?

WAIT... WHAT'S THAT *SMELL?*

IT'S A SEWER, YOU MORON!

NO, STOP, HE'S RIGHT. I SMELL IT TOO. IT'S...

OH RIGHT. NOW I *REMEMBER.* IT WAS--

DONNIE, GET DOWN!

FWOOOSH

NOT ANYMORE!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

WE CAN'T! IT'S A DEAD END!

FWOOM

WHO THE HELL WERE *THOSE* GUYS?

WHO DO YOU THINK? THE FOOT CLAN WAS *WAITING* FOR US!

THE SEWERS AIN'T SAFE!

YEAH, WELL, NEITHER IS THE MIDDLE OF 48TH STREET!

LOOK OUT!

VROOM

NINJA *BIKER COPS?!* THAT'S A NEW ONE.

WE CAN'T BE OUT IN THE OPEN LIKE THIS!

WE NEED TO GET SOMEWHERE MORE SECURE!

RIGHT. LET'S HEAD TO *MUTANT TOWN.*

SHUK!

SHUK!

SHUK!

NO! ARE YOU *CRAZY?* WE'RE WANTED *FUGITIVES!*

UNTIL WE CLEAR OUR NAMES, WE CAN'T GET ANYBODY ELSE MIXED UP IN OUR TROUBLES!

SOK!

KRAK!

OH, SO *NOW* YOU SAY THAT?!

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING! THIS ISN'T SOME SPECIAL EFFECT!

CAN'T HEAR YOU! I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM *CONVICTS!*

DAMN, I MISS PRISON.

THIS IS BAD. EVEN WORSE THAN OUR *USUAL* BAD.

IF WE CAN'T GET ON THE SAME PAGE AGAIN...HOW ARE WE EVER GONNA DEFEAT THIS NEW VERSION OF THE FOOT CLAN?

LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO YOU AND ME TO BE THE *SENSIBLE* ONES, RIGHT, *DONNIE?*

LIKE I SAID.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO *ME.*

LET'S GO. WE GOTTA GET OFF THE STREETS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SO ANGRY ABOUT ANYWAY, MIKEY.

IT WAS *YOUR* FAULT WE SPLIT UP IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WHATEVER. YOU'RE *CRAZY.*

UH, SORRY, NO OFFENSE, DONNIE.

WHY WOULD THAT OFFEND ME?

WE DIDN'T ABANDON YOU, MIKEY.

THIS WHOLE FIGHT FIRST STARTED BECAUSE YOU TWO--

GAGH!

BRIGHT LIGHT, BRIGHT LIGHT!

MY FAULT? ARE YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND? YOU GUYS *ABANDONED* ME!

TARGETS IN RANGE. *SNIPERS,* TAKE THEM DOWN.

NOW THE POLICE ARE SHOOTING *ARROWS?*

GAS ARROWS! *RUN!*

HOLD YOUR BREATH, SPLINTER.

DONNIE, THAT *ISN'T* SPLINTER. THAT RAT IS--

SHUT UP, MIKEY!

ALL OF YOU, SHUT THE HELL UP!

GLLUG!

GAAAGH!

UNGH!

OOF!

DUDE, EVEN THE *FIREMEN* HATE US NOW!

ATTENTION ALL EMERGENCY PERSONNEL, MUTANT FUGITIVES SPOTTED AT THE CORNER OF 9TH AND 45TH!

SUSPECTS ARE *ARMED* AND *EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!*

APPREHEND AT ALL COSTS!

MIDTOWN

SPLINTER? SENSEI, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SPEAK TO ME, FATHER!

YOU TURTLES ARE EVEN *DUMBER* THAN YOU LOOK, COMING BACK HERE.

THIS CITY'S *OURS,* BOYS.

NEW YORK IS THE *FOOT'S* TOWN NOW!

ATTENTION *FOOT PATROL.* FUGITIVE TURTLES SIGHTED IN *HELL'S KITCHEN.*

HOSPITAL

ALL FORCES RESPOND.

LET'S GO. WE DON'T WANNA MISS THE FUN.

WHAT ABOUT THIS GUY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE *GUARDING?*

HEH. HE'S NOT GOING *NOWHERE.*

OH MY GOD.

CLIC!

CASEY FROM APRIL

OH, *CASEY...*

IF YOU CAN HEAR ME...I HAVE JUST ONE THING TO SAY TO YOU...

FIGHT.

YOU'VE NEVER BACKED DOWN FROM A FIGHT IN YOUR LIFE. DON'T LET THIS BE ANY DIFFERENT.

WHOEVER PUT YOU IN THIS COMA...THEY'LL ANSWER FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE. I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT.

YOU JUST KEEP FIGHTING, CASEY.

AND SO WILL I.

KLANG!

GRRRR...

GUGH!

YA THINK?!

THIS IS *NOT GREAT,* GUYS.

WE'RE FIGHTING FIREMEN ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THEY'RE FOOT NINJAS IN *DISGUISE!* THEY MUST HAVE *INFILTRATED* THE WHOLE DAMN TOWN!

THERE'S *NO ONE* WE CAN TRUST!

YEAH, SURE...

TELL THAT TO OUR *ADORING PUBLIC.*

HE'S RIGHT. WE LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF *CRAZED* MUTANTS, WANTED FOR MURDER, BEATING UP *PUBLIC SERVANTS.*

WE'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO THE FOOT'S... *HANDS.*

POLICE! FREEZE!

I DIDN'T MURDER *NOBODY!*

WE'RE THE *GOOD GUYS* HERE, YOU STUPID *IDIOTS!*

SURE WE CAN, LEO! JUST WATCH, IT'S *EASY!*

RAPH, *STOP IT!* WE CAN'T FIGHT THE POLICE!

FOR THE LAST TIME, YOU BIG HOTHEAD!

SIMMER DOWN!

YEAH, THAT DIDN'T WORK, LEO.

THEN MAYBE *THIS* WILL.

SERIOUSLY? AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO HASN'T GONE--

RRRRGGHH!!!

DONNIE, HELP ME BREAK THIS UP! THEY'RE GONNA *KILL* EACH OTHER!

GUYS, STOP IT. *SPLINTER* SAYS...

GUYS?

DAMMIT, DONNIE!

FOR THE LAST TIME, THAT ISN'T SPLINTER!

OUR FATHER IS DEAD!

OH...

...NO.

WAIT...

WHAT?

BUT THEN...WHOSE *VOICE* IS THAT... IN MY--

ON THE GROUND! *NOW!*

A BROKEN FIST CANNOT PUNCH EFFECTIVELY.

A BROKEN LEG CANNOT ROUNDHOUSE.

A BROKEN FAMILY... CANNOT ENDURE.

GO! GET OUTTA HERE!

WEEOO! WEEOO!

UNNGH!

TURAT!

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN **TENSION** BETWEEN THE BROTHERS HAMATO.

BUT THEIR DIFFERENCES HAVE NEVER DRIVEN THEM SO FAR APART.

THEY NEED **EACH OTHER** TO SURVIVE WHAT IS COMING.

HEH.

TO SURVIVE AN ENEMY WHO'S GROWN **STRONGER** THAN EVER.

I PRAY THEY REMEMBER THE LESSONS OF THE PAST...

...AS THEY SEEK A NEW WAY FORWARD.

I **PRAY**...AS THAT IS **ALL** THAT I CAN DO NOW.

FROM SO FAR AWAY.

I PRAY FOR MY STUDENTS.

FOR MY SONS.

WELCOME HOME, MY CHILDREN.

I PRAY THAT YOU WILL HEAR MY VOICE, FROM BEYOND THE VEIL BETWEEN WORLDS.

SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON

RAPHAEL

KILLERS IN A HALF SHELL!

WE ARE NOT WHAT WE WERE...BUT WHAT WE ARE WILL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.

FOUR BUSTED KNUCKLES.

AND ONE DEAD RAT.

TO BE CONTINUED!

ART BY

JORGE FORNÉS

ART BY KEVIN EASTMAN
COLORS BY FAHRIZA KAMAPUTRA

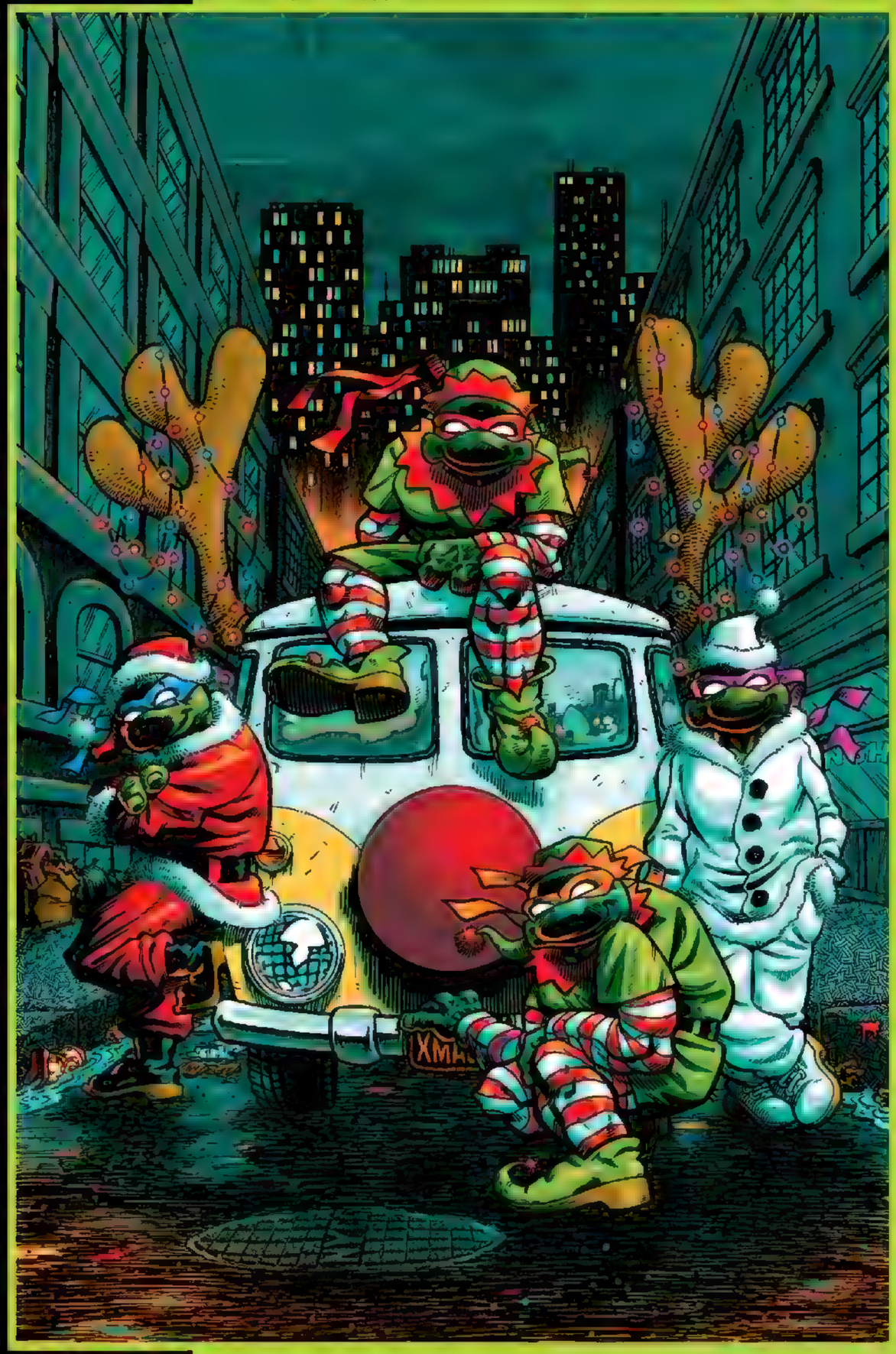
ART BY KEVIN EASTMAN & FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II

ART BY KEVIN EASTMAN
COLORS BY FAHRIZA KAMAPUTRA

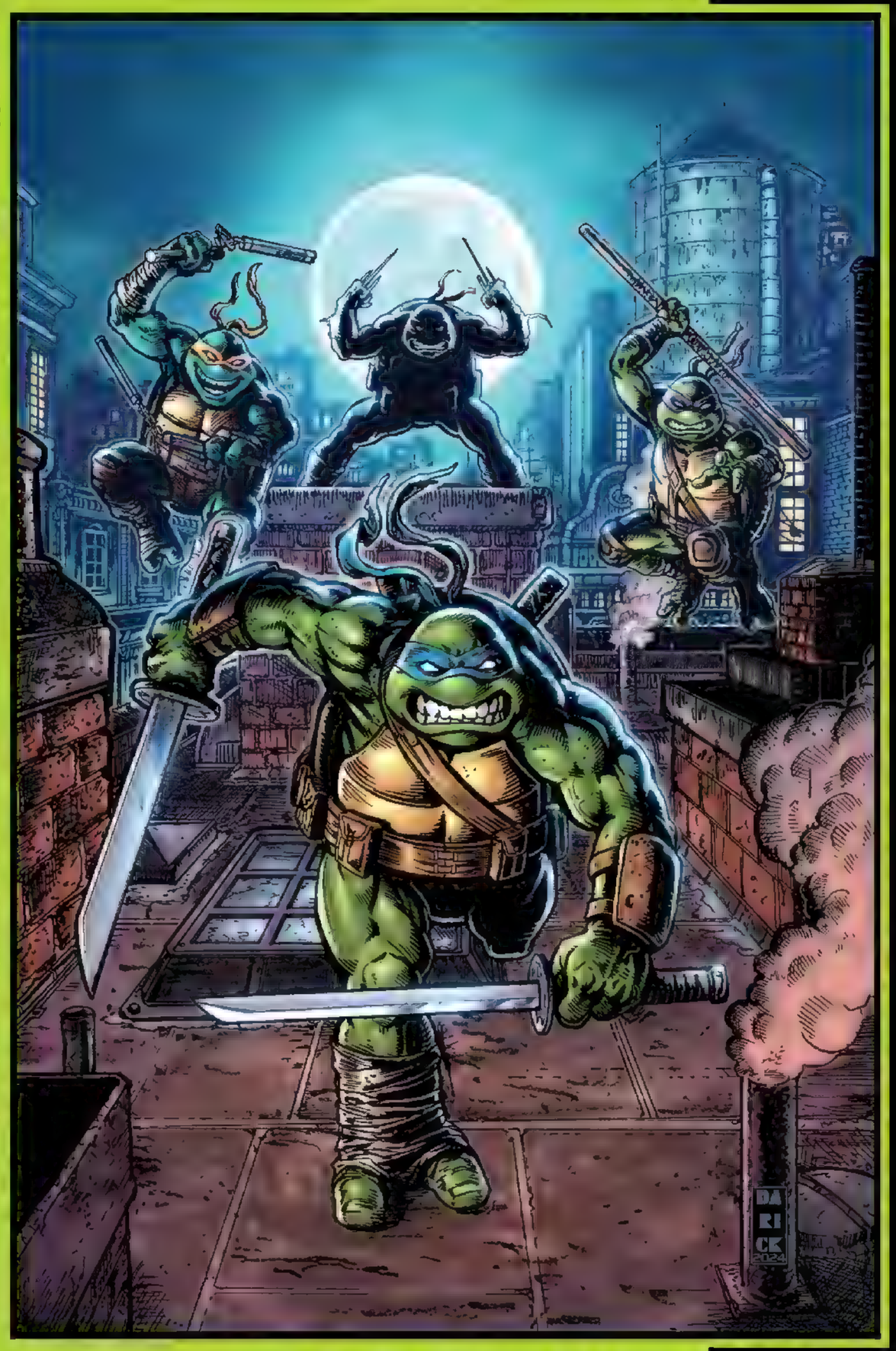
ART BY KEVIN EASTMAN
COLORS BY FAHRIZA KAMAPUTRA

ART BY
KEVIN EASTMAN

ART BY KEVIN EASTMAN
COLORS BY FAHRIZA KAMAPUTRA



ART BY
J. GONZO



ART BY DARICK ROBERTSON
COLORS BY DIEGO RODRIGUEZ

ART BY

J. GONZO

ART BY DANNY EARLS

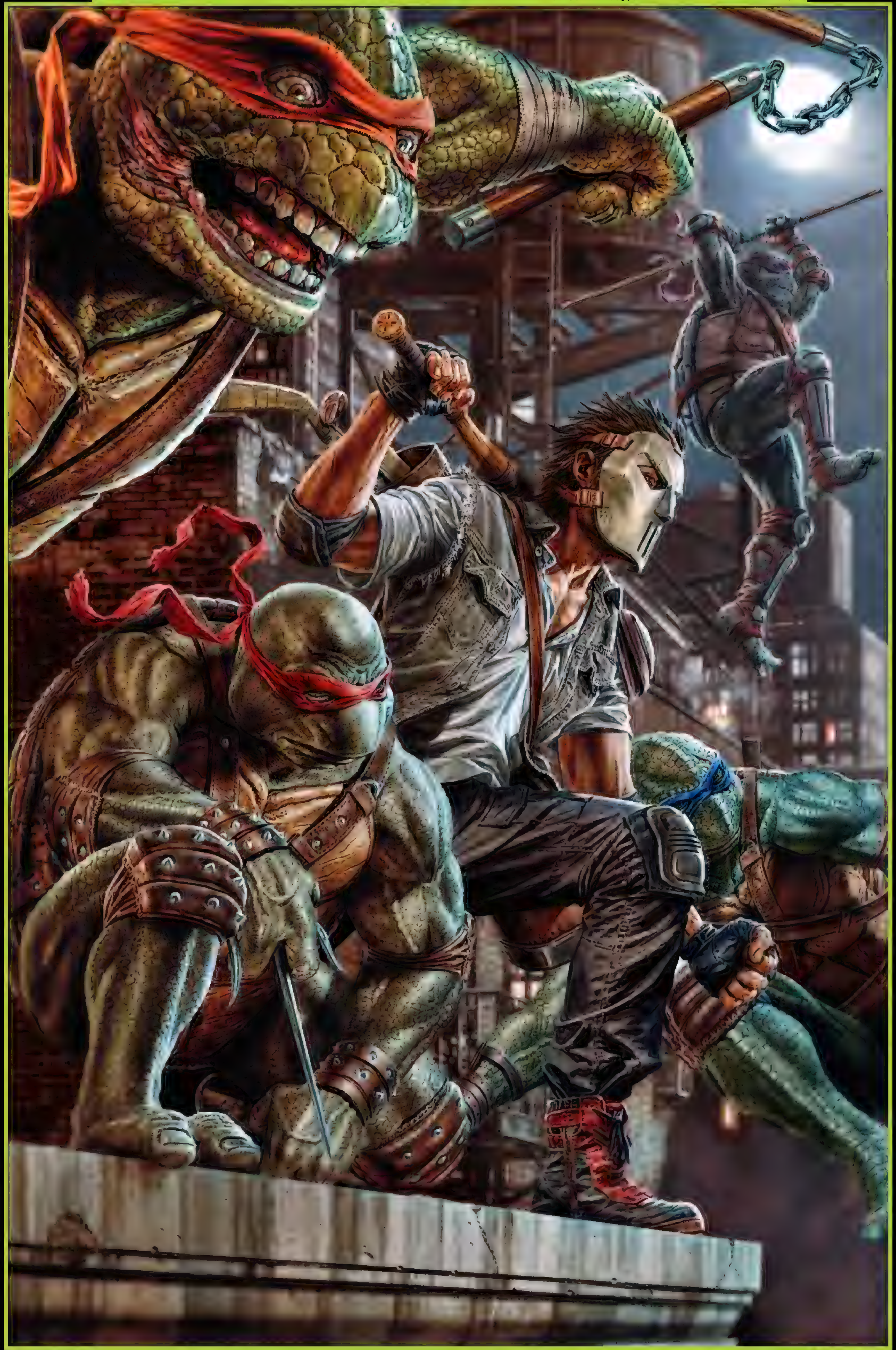
COLORS BY JÃO CANOLA

ART BY DARICK ROBERTSON

COLORS BY DIEGO RODRIGUEZ

ART BY

LEE BERMEJO



ART BY

LEE BERMEJO

ART BY KHARY RANDOLPH

COLORS BY EMILIO LOPEZ

ART BY
CLIFF CHIANG

ART BY CHRIS BURNHAM
COLORS BY CLIFF CHIANG

ART BY JOELLE JONES
COLORS BY CLIFF CHIANG

ART BY
RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

ART BY
PEACH MOMOKO

ART BY
DIKE RUAN

ART BY
LEE WEEKS

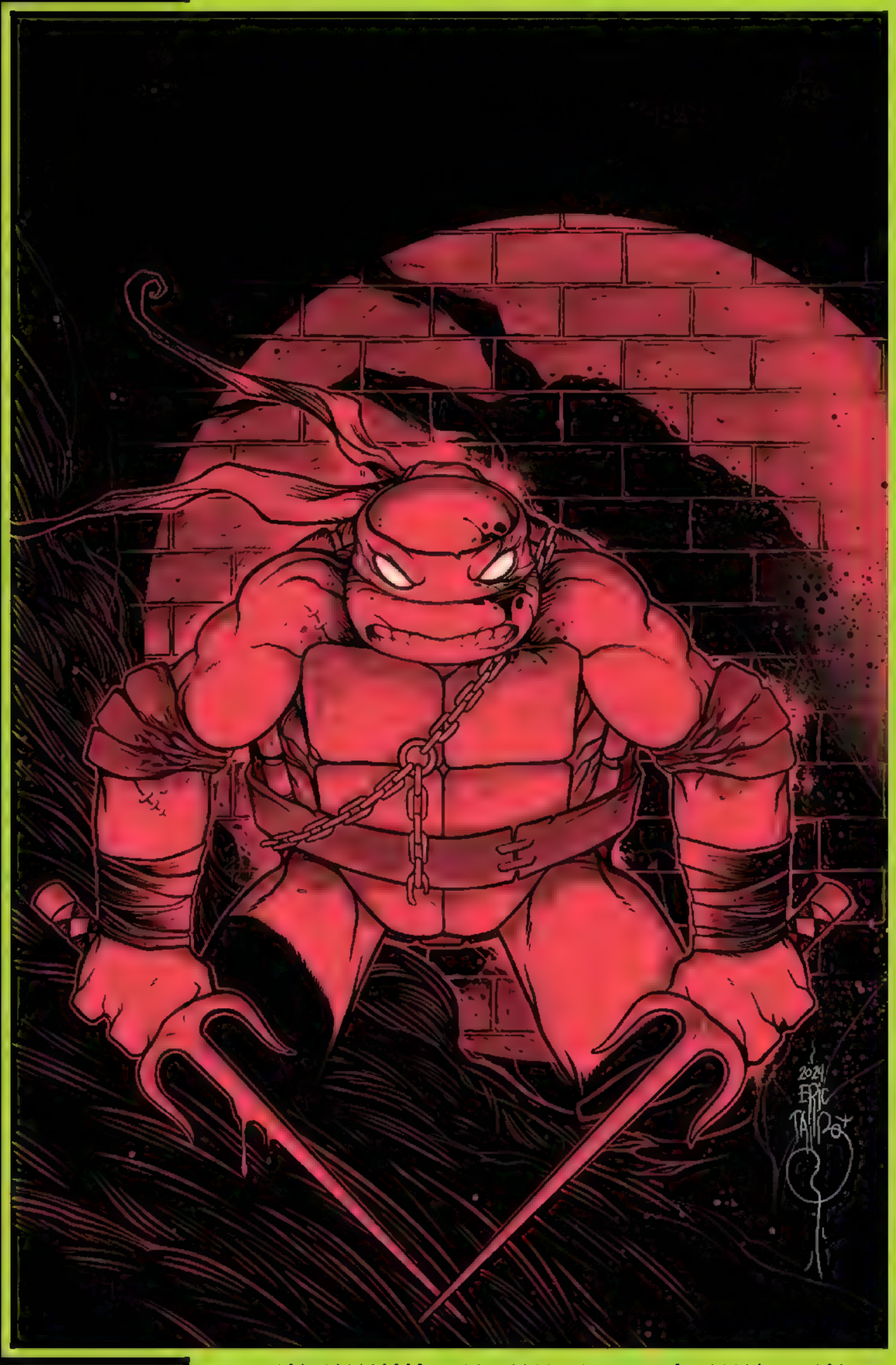
ART BY
PAOLO RIVERA

ART BY MATTEO SCALERA
COLORS BY LEE LOUGHRIDGE

ART BY
SEAN MURPHY

ART BY
JUANJO GUARNIDO

ART BY WES CRAIG
COLORS BY DEE CUNNIFFE



ART BY
ERIC TALBOT

ART BY
AARON CAMPBELL

ART BY
BONEFACE

ART BY
STEPHANIE HANS

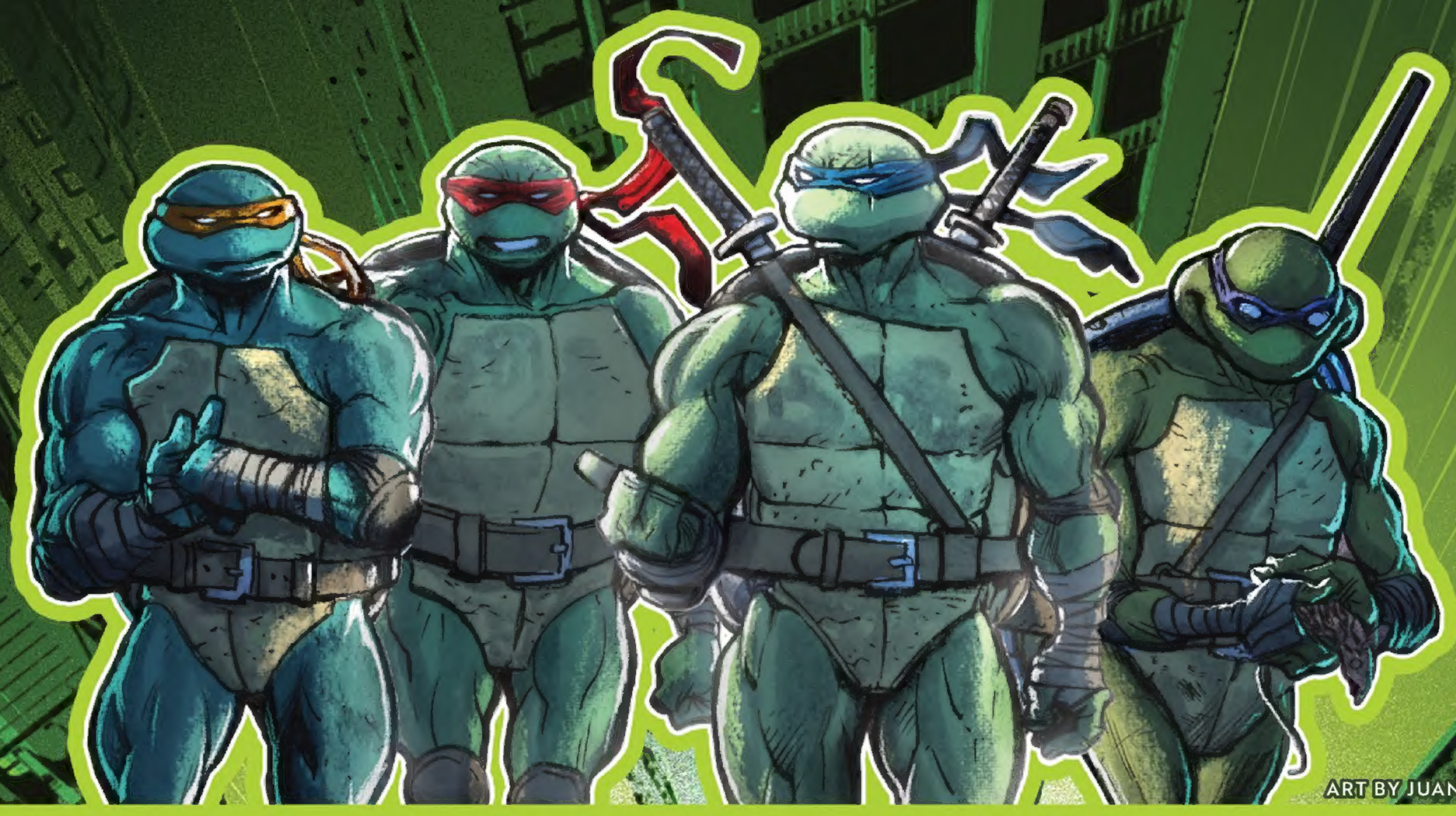
ART BY
AFU CHAN

ART BY
CARSON THORN

ART BY
ROD REIS

ART BY DANNY EARLS
COLORS BY JÃO CANOLA

ART BY JOËLLE JONES



ART BY JUAN FERREYRA

THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES ARE BACK IN THIS NEW SERIES THAT PROVIDES A PERFECT JUMPING-ON POINT FOR NEW FANS!

The Turtles have all left New York to pursue their own interests, but gathering forces will pull them back together in this first arc of a new ongoing series by superstar writer **Jason Aaron** and an all-star lineup of artists, including **Joëlle Jones**, **Rafael Albuquerque**, **Cliff Chiang**, **Chris Burnham**, **Darick Robertson**, and **Juan Ferreyra!**

Raphael is in prison. Michelangelo is living in Tokyo, where he's become a TV star. Leonardo is traveling the world in search of peace. Donatello is trapped in a mutant zoo and forced to fight rich men looking for a thrill. And what has been going on in New York while the Turtles are scattered across the globe?

"Take[s] the half-shell heroes back to their gritty and action-packed roots."
—Borys Kit, *The Hollywood Reporter*

"A high-octane, drama-filled, satisfying story."
—Ambrose Tardive, *Screen Rant*

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